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THE NEW YEAR.—[From a Sketch by W. A. Rogers.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

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CONGRESS AND THE COUNT.

THE political question that now interests the country springs from the loose legislation of the States in regard to the election of electors, and from the failure of the Constitution to provide for questioning the returns from the States. This power has been inferred from the necessity of the case. It was so inferred by Mr. DEXTER, of Massachusetts, in 1800. But in the absence of constitutional provision, it was the duty of Congress to provide for the creation of some tribunal to decide finally all contested questions at the counting of the votes. In 1837, when there was a question of the Michigan vote, the usual temporizing remark was made that it would not affect the result. Mr. CALHOUN very wisely observed that doubtful questions of this kind should not be waived. It is plain that if they had not been waived when they did not affect the result, there would be no controversy now. It was with this conviction that in his report upon the method of the Presidential election, in May, 1874, Mr. MORTON urged upon Congress the imperative necessity of action, pointing out the dangers of the precise situation in which we now find ourselves.

The peaceful and satisfactory solution is wholly within the power of Congress. But it is possible only to reasonable and patriotic men. The committee of both Houses upon this subject is one of the most important ever appointed by Congress, and it will naturally wish to know the feeling of the country. It may be sure of one thing, that the country wishes only a fair and equitable settlement of a controversy in which there is much reason and much doubt upon both sides. As we say elsewhere, no man of either party can feel that his side is either wholly right or wholly wrong, and he must be conscious that success will be a tremendous ordeal for either party. Those who hold with us that the character and convictions of the Republican organization are the most truly conservative of American principles and progress, will look with great apprehension upon a Republican President with a title clouded by fraud in the public mind, because that conviction would unquestionably destroy the organization. Those, on the other hand, who have regarded the Democratic party as the surest instrument of political purification and reform, will feel that a Democratic President who owes his seat to organized terror and violence can do nothing for reform but cover the word with ridicule.

It is, therefore, for Congress to devise some method upon which the agreement of the two Houses will carry with it the acquiescence of the country. There can be no question that a fair and reasonable proposition for joint action at the time of counting, coming from either side, would throw upon the other the responsibility of prolonging the doubt of the situation. Congress can settle the question long before the counting of the vote. The members of both Houses have probably learned from their constituents, if not from their own observation, the general suspension of business consequent upon the doubt and delay. They know that trade, which was beginning to revive, is again prostrated. They know that the long hard times have greatly increased destitution and poverty. They know that nothing would so cheer every interest in the country as a settlement of the question of the election. And the matter should be settled not only for this election, but for all elections. The general question of the method of election may await the decision upon the manner of finally ascertaining the result.

One thing, indeed, is clear at the beginning. Each House can not be the sole arbiter. There must be a union of action. There must, therefore, be concession. The assumption of Mr. MORTON in his report, that the President of the Senate is, *ex necessitate rei*, the final and sole judge of the validity of the certificates, must be regarded as equally untenable with Mr. PROCTOR KNOTT'S proposition that the Senate shall be swamped by the mere numbers of the House. If the Senate proposes to take Mr. MORTON'S position as to the power of its President over the certificates, it is as useless for it to join in conference with the committee of the House as it is for the House to confer with the Senate on the basis of a joint majority control. If, again, the House committee should insist that it could alone reject the electoral vote of a State, as under the late twenty-second joint rule, it would insist upon a position which would enable it to defeat the constitutional majority, and seize the election into its own hands. This would be the more unjust, as it happens that presence at the counting of the vote and the possible choice of a President are among the last duties of an expiring House; and the elections of the new House may have shown a different majority from that of the House which, under the supposition, would have grasped the power.

The authority to question a certificate arises from the necessity of the case, for there may be more than one from a State. The right to inquire must then certainly extend to the satisfaction of the object of the inquiry, and that may reach to the lawful action of the State Board. For instance, if the certificate attests the election of a person ineligible under the Constitution, shall not Congress interpose? This very question did arise in 1837, when, upon a motion of Mr. GRUNDY for a committee to report upon a mode of examining votes for electors, Mr. CLAY amended by proposing an inquiry into the expediency of ascertaining whether any votes were given contrary to the prohibition of ineligibility, and as to the disposition to be made of such votes. Mr. GRUNDY accepted the amendment, and it was adopted. The report of Mr. GRUNDY upon the subject, as usual, shirked the question. It stated that four or five officers of the general government—deputy postmasters—had been chosen in some of the States; that such votes are not in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution; but that such votes would not vary the result, as it was not contemplated by any one that the appointment of one ineligible elector would vitiate the votes of his State. We find this statement in an excellent historical *résumé* of the action of Congress in regard to the electoral vote, communicated by General GORDON, of Massachusetts, to the Boston *Transcript*.

The action of the committees of Congress upon this subject, with the subsequent action of the two Houses, will be a test of the real patriotism of that body. We trust that Republicans, whose party has had complete official control of the returns in the doubtful States, excepting Oregon, where there is no question of the actual vote or of its intention, will not forget that it is not the pending election so much as all future elections and the welfare of the country which are to be regarded. All the questions that have ever been asked upon the subject and all the difficulties that have been suggested are now to be simultaneously answered and settled. And one thing, we repeat, is indisputable: those who reject a plainly fair and reasonable proposition will be held responsible for all suspense and trouble by the vast intelligent majority of citizens of all parties in all parts of the country.

THE ATTEMPTED SEIZURE OF TELEGRAMS.

THE Democratic attempt to overthrow the express constitutional guarantee of the "right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures" is repulsed by the good sense of the country. Mr. MORRISON'S Louisiana investigating committee wishes to ascertain something, and thereupon issues a subpœna to Mr. ORTON, the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to produce the dispatches sent within a specified time. In defense of so monstrous an invasion of personal liberty, it is alleged that it is no worse than the compulsion of the surrender of the books and accounts of a business house. There are, however, not only careful limitations of that power, but the power even of that law has been grossly abused. It is plain that if the action of this Democratic committee should be sustained, there will be a swift and radical modification of the entire system of telegraphic communication.

The general opinion is that a telegram is as private as a letter, with the obvious difference that it must be seen by the operators, and may be interpreted by the click of the instrument and by skillful interception. This, of course, leads to ciphers of every kind. But the great mass of telegrams are sent in good faith of their privacy, and the public sentiment of a free country like this is no less shocked by the seizure and exposure of telegrams by a partisan Congressional committee than it would be by the same committee's seizure and opening of the mails. The offense is heightened by the fact that this foray of the committee is not in furtherance of facts professed to be ascertained, but merely in the hope of stumbling upon facts that may be damaging. It is a dragnet lowered upon a chance—a grotesque and wanton violation of the fundamental safeguards of liberty.

It is asserted that General BUTLER did it. Is that conclusive Democratic authority? General BUTLER has done some good and some bad things. The seizure of telegrams was among the worst of the latter, and was denounced by the general sense of the country of all parties. General BUTLER did some good service in the war, which the Democrats carefully abstained from imitating. He has done some very ill service in peace, which the Democrats are perfectly willing to copy. The reference to General BUTLER is another illustration of the position of the Democratic "reformers." It was because of General BUTLER and politicians of his kind with their performances that the Democrats declared "reform" to be necessary. And the instant they obtained power in one House of Congress, their "reform" turns out to be performances of the same kind, with references to General BUTLER as a reason for Republican silence. Those dissatisfied Republicans who at the late election sustained the Democratic party as a method of securing reform have now an opportunity to decide whether the wisdom of trying to bring it into power is proved by the attitude of the Democratic House upon the financial question, by the leaderships of Messrs. FERNANDO WOOD and RANDALL, by this seizure of private correspondence, and by the Democratic tone in regard to the situation, with the vague public uneasiness as to its possible result, an uneasiness which would be absolutely impossible under similar circumstances as toward the Republican party. The Republicans have committed great offenses. But that does not affect the folly of supposing that party leaders trained to protect slavery would be honest guardians of any kind of liberty.

FLORIDA.

THE letter of General BARLOW upon the count in Florida is useful for this, if for no other purpose, that it shows the possibility of independent judgment. This is more than was shown by the Democratic report of Mr. TRUMBULL and Mr. PALMER and the Republican report of Senator SHERMAN and Mr. STOUGHTON from Louisiana. General BARLOW is as positive a Republican as there is in the country, but he evidently sees, what no intelligent man should for a moment forget, that the important point in the present situation is not that Mr. HAYES or Mr. TILDEN shall be declared elected, but that one or the other shall honestly be declared elected. Upon the evidence which has been already submitted, so far as it is accessible, no Republican and no Democrat can truly say that there is no question. There are very grave questions. In the Florida case, for instance, there is no man in the country better qualified than General BARLOW to express an opinion. He is a lawyer, a man of experience and sagacity; he was on the spot; he heard the testimony; he weighed it carefully; he talked with the board; he is perfectly friendly to them, and he says there is a question. And he confirms the impression of every candid man who has followed the case at a distance.

General BARLOW states the reasons that determined the action of the board in regard to the doubtful counties. His letter is long, because the necessary facts could not otherwise be fairly presented, and as his own conclusions were not thought to be entirely clear, he added a brief supplementary letter, in which he says:

"On the face of the returns the vote was: HAYES, 24,327; TILDEN, 24,287. Certain additions and deductions were agreed on unanimously by the board, which we may assume to be correct. These conceded changes left it: HAYES, 24,287; TILDEN, 24,438. Then I should have thrown out 219 Republican votes in Archer Precinct No. 2, and also Friendship Church Precinct, in Jackson County, as a majority of the board did. They also rejected Campbellton Church Precinct, in this county, as to which I do not know the facts, but will assume that it was rightly rejected, as it does not alter the result to which I should have come. The two last precincts disposed of 121 Republican and 436 Democratic votes, and deducting these and the 219 in Archer, you get the following result: TILDEN, 24,002; HAYES, 23,947; TILDEN'S majority, 55. It would have come to this result after passing upon all the cases before the board except Hamilton County. It is this county which causes the only doubt I have about it."

In the Jasper Precinct of this county the vote was, as returned: Democratic, 323; Republican, 185. The irregularities alleged were the abandonment of the canvass by the inspectors when half finished, and turning it over to two lawyers, who finished it the next day. General BARLOW does not know whether the inspectors were Democrats or Republicans, and does not think, if they were the latter, that a Democratic majority should be thrown out for Republican wrong-doing, if there was any. That is, if the Republican inspectors, apprehending a Democratic majority, abandoned the canvass and turned it over illegally to two lawyers, in order to occasion an irregularity that would throw out the vote, the vote should be returned. If it were returned, it would give the State to TILDEN. But his majority would in that case be so small that some of the Republican contests, which the board did not stop to consider, might overcome it.

General BARLOW concludes:

"But there is no use in speculating about this, as the case must be considered as it was made up by the board. Leaving out Jasper Precincts, we therefore see that, in my opinion, there was a TILDEN majority, even conceding that Campbell and the first-named precinct in Hamilton County should be thrown out, which I do not say was rightly done. I certainly never had any doubt as to what my own opinion was, except as to this precinct, upon which it happened that I did not know fully what the evidence was; but as I do not have the assurance to put my own opinions above those of the board upon questions as to which there was conflicting evidence, I was not willing to give my own views without at the same time giving the evidence, and hence my report was 'so long.'"

He evidently went to Florida not as a Republican to make capital for his party, and "to secure the vote of the State" by clever subterfuges, but as an American citizen to enable the country to decide whether there had been fair play. This was the sole proper purpose for the visit of any of the Northern gentlemen to the Southern States. But in the case of Louisiana it is hard not to feel that there was a sharp contest of party wits on both sides, and that each side was more intent on making a good case for itself than on ascertaining and presenting the truth. If the reports of the Congressional committees shall be as candid and reasonable as the letters of General BARLOW, they will do very much to reconcile the country to any conclusion of the controversy.

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE eyes of Europe are fixed upon Constantinople; but if Russia has really massed or is massing an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men under the Balkan and along the Pruth, and if BISMARCK thinks that war is unavoidable, the result of the Conference is a foregone conclusion. The results of the preliminary interviews are declared to be satisfactory, and the armistice will probably be prolonged. Turkey has a new Grand Vizier, whose appointment is intended to show Turkish good faith in reforms, and there is promised a scheme of self-government for the tributary provinces. But, as in many diplomatic games, the real purposes of the play are not openly mentioned. While Turkey and Turkish reforms are gravely discussed, the real question is, Shall Russia come to the Bosphorus? Moreover, the power that affects absolute neutrality is in great measure master of the situation. There has been general desire to know what BISMARCK would say, and he has declared that Germany is friendly to Russia and Austria and England, and desires above all things that the war which seems inevitable should be localized. The alliance between BISMARCK and GORTCHAKOFF is an old one. It dates from the French campaign in Lombardy, and was confirmed by the Russian alliance during the German and French war. That alliance is the most powerful element in the European complication.

Meanwhile the fate of Austria is hardly less involved in the contest than that of Turkey. The Austrian Empire is a miscellaneous mass, and its largest single element, the Sclav, looks naturally to Russia as its head, while its German-speaking population gravitates to the great German centre. Austria would be powerless against her two overshadowing imperial neighbors, while her hope of safety lies in a possible conflict of interest and understanding between them. The prospect of some present amicable arrangement and postponement of the final descent of Russia upon the Bosphorus would seem at this moment promising, except for the fact that BISMARCK speaks of war as inevitable. If war begins between

Russia and Turkey, it is not easy to see that it would end merely in a Russian occupation of the Christian provinces to secure reforms. The natural end of such a war would be to reform Turkey altogether by occupying Constantinople.

The position of England in such a war would be difficult. To refuse to sustain Turkey in some degree would make trouble among the Mohammedans in India, while to become the ally of Turkey, as against Russia professing to protect Christians from Turkish tyranny, would exasperate immense numbers of Englishmen. It is very evident that the ministry in England is not felt to be a strong one, and it is very doubtful if it represents the feeling that would be strongest in the country should hostilities begin. The great Liberal leaders, GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, are strongly anti-Turk, and speak without jealousy of Russia. The Marquis of Salisbury, who is the British representative at the Conference, is considered to be a man of very great ability, the peer of any of the English statesmen. He is a Conservative, with whom British traditions would be very powerful. He probably looks with jealousy upon the nearer approach of Russia to the Mediterranean, but would deprecate war to prevent it. An eminent English student of politics writes privately:

"Here the Eastern question is, of course, the absorbing topic. I think it just possible that we may be on the eve of great events. The Turks, encouraged by Lord BEACONSFIELD, and feeling that they have now a good army and will never have another, *may* resolve to disregard the advice of friends, whom they must, of course, know to be self-interested, and to try the fortune of war. To induce England to take part with them at once would probably be beyond Lord BEACONSFIELD's power. But victory may bring the Russians down upon Constantinople, and the tradition about the importance of that place to England is so strong that the country might then be seduced into an interposition which would probably bring on war.... The chances, however, are in favor of peace. Lord SALISBURY's mission is generally regarded as a victory of the more prudent party in the cabinet over Lord BEACONSFIELD, and the feeling here at present seems to me decidedly against war for the support of Turkey."

It is long since general European politics have been so interesting, and radical "changes in the map" seem not improbable, even if somewhat delayed.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THE severity of the political season does not chill the holiday preparations. In the gay shops of the city the world of politics seems very far away, and the eager children and the busy parents look and wonder and choose as if the golden age of peace had come, and all the world were Arcady. The collections are richer by the treasures of the great Exhibition. Its curious and beautiful remains are strewn among the shops, and many rare objects can there be seen and estimated more justly than at the show itself. But the art of buying Christmas gifts is gained by careful training, like other arts, and without time and knowledge and taste, even money loses half its value at this season. It is by no means the size or the cost that makes the gift most precious, and many of the most charming presents are the cheapest. It is the buyer who knows the haunts of the different pretty things, and who has the leisure to wander for whole mornings among the shelves and collate and compare, who is sure to make the most reasonable bargains and to secure the most unique and appropriate gifts for young and old.

A wise authority upon the subject of gifts holds that fitness is an essential element. It is not enough to change a few dollars into another form of any kind, but to transform the money into something which is peculiarly becoming and appropriate to the person who is to receive. Who would give the same gift to Ophelia and to Lady Macbeth, to the Antiquary and to Prince Charlie? When the object is found which is instinctively felt to belong, as it were, to one friend rather than to another, there is a new and finer pleasure in giving. But these are, perhaps, the overrefinements and metaphysics of the matter, for the best part of every gift is the love that goes with it. The dull room of the most solitary bachelor might be glorified on Christmas morning by the vision of the happy awakening of all the nurseries of his neighbors. THACKERAY says that DICKENS's Christmas stories kindled immense fires and produced enormous good cheer throughout England. His vivid pictures of the hospitality and the generosity, the kindness and forgiveness, that become the gracious season, stimulated every body practically to share and show its spirit.

If the members of Congress, and gentlemen who are eager for mass-meetings to throw oil on raging fires, would devote a few days to Christmas shopping, and open their hearts and minds to the kindliness of the season, we should all be the gainers. Party spirit seems just now to need no fostering. Its fires are not, apparently, likely to languish for want of fuel, and Christmas shopping would have a humanizing and soothing influence. If Congress should not adjourn for the holidays it would be a misfortune, for the members would lose the opportunity of immediate contact with the great public, whose real feeling it is hard to know in Washington. Let them go home, and go shopping, and among the bewildering labyrinths of fascinating gifts and the happy throng of children and mothers, learn anew the sacredness of peace and the criminality of its wanton disturbance.

GENERAL W. F. BARTLETT.

THE death of General W. F. BARTLETT at his home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, had been long expected, and will be very sincerely mourned. He was one of the many high-hearted and heroic young men of New England who went into the war for the Union with the sincerest patriotism, and there were none who served with greater bravery or more loyal devotion. After the war, in which he lost a leg at Petersburg, he became interested in business which took him often to Richmond, in Virginia, and brought him in communication with many of his former opponents in the field. The political sympathies amidst which he grew up were, we believe, Democratic, and these, with his Southern associations after the war, led him to feel that there was a mutual misunderstanding and injustice on the part of both sections of the country. In 1872 General BARTLETT was naturally a liberal, but the Cincinnati nominations of that year seemed to him exceedingly unwise. In 1875, at the Concord and Lexington centennial anniversary, he made a speech of conciliation, candid, generous, and eloquent, and in the autumn of the same year he was nominated by the Democrats for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. But he was unwilling at that time to make the declaration implied by his acceptance, that the Democratic party was the party of nationality, purity, and reform, and after consideration and consultation with Republican as well as Democratic friends, he declined.

The Republican attitude of last winter in Congress upon the Southern question, however, and his conviction that the party was mastered by unscrupulous partisans, convinced him that it could no longer be safely trusted, and he supported Mr. TILDEN as the only method of obtaining an indispensable change. He took this position with the same sincere patriotism that governed all his public conduct, and however his Republican friends might regret his decision and differ from his judgment, they did not question his perfect fidelity to his honest convictions. Through the autumn General BARTLETT has been gradually sinking, but always surrounded with the tender care of the utmost affection. He dies, still a young man, another hero and victim of the war, to whose memory all true American hearts will be forever faithful—a brave, pure, and loyal gentleman.

A PERENNIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

IF any of our readers are wishing at this happy season that they could give Christmas presents all the year round, we can show them how they can easily do so. One of the most thoughtful charities in the city is that which devotes newspapers and magazines that have been read, to the hospitals. Nothing is more grateful to the patients than such blended intelligence and amusement, and nothing is easier to the giver than such giving. It is found that illustrated papers and magazines, like those of the HARPERS, are especially acceptable. A very little trouble upon the part of readers will give very great delight and refreshment to the sick and suffering. Whoever, therefore, will send his *Harpers*, when he has read them, to the "State Charities Aid Association," No. 52 East Twentieth Street, will "lend to the Lord."

TENNYSON'S "HAROLD."

THE new drama of TENNYSON will be read with very great interest as a fresh illustration of the skill and power of the poet. The dramatic talent which was shown in *Queen Mary* is no less evident in the later work. The interest, indeed, is more remote, but the movement of the poem is more constant, and it is full of a vigor which will surprise those who fancy TENNYSON to be only a poet of the boudoir. Its chief charm is that of the *Mary*, and lies in its appeal to pure English sympathy. Its theme is England, and the English laureate is but fulfilling his office in stirring the patriotic pride and rousing the national loyalty of his countrymen. As a study in the drama whose general form and treatment were determined by the Elizabethan masters, the work is as striking as THACKERAY's Queen Anne study of *Esmond*, and the last act, especially, is exceedingly fine. Throughout there are many of those felicitous lines in which TENNYSON is always affluent, but there are very few mannerisms, and upon the whole poem there is the unmistakable stamp of a master.

PERSONAL.

IN another part of this paper will be found an exceedingly interesting address on watch-making in the United States, recently delivered at Neuchâtel and other places abroad by M. ÉDOUARD FAVRE-PERRET, member of the international jury on watches at the Centennial Exhibition. With the frankness of an impartial scientific expert, the speaker acknowledges the stern logic of facts, and confesses that the superiority of American watches threatens to extinguish an important branch of European industry, and that he is "terrified by the danger" to which that industry is exposed. The Swiss watch-makers are not only deprived of the American market, but so seriously threatened in Europe that they can not hope to hold their own there if, to use the speaker's frank expression, they permit their "own sluggishness and blind confidence" to prevent them from adopting the American improved methods of manufacture. The address is full of interesting facts and details, and it will amply repay a careful perusal.

—Among the prominent foreigners now in the United States is Mr. HENRY CERNUSCHI, a gentleman of fine abilities and great wealth, the proprietor of *Le Siècle*, of which JULES SIMON, the new French Premier, is editor. Mr. CERNUSCHI at one time came near losing his life as the penalty for indulging in the expression of his opinions. He was sentenced to be shot as a Communist because, during the empire, in May, 1870, he had paid $22,000 to the republican fund started for making a campaign against the *plebiscitum* which NAPOLEON III. intended to obtain from France. In his magnificent residence in Paris there is a room whose splendors can not be described. In the centre of it stands a colossal bronze figure of Buddha, and along its spacious galleries are figures of all the gods and goddesses of the pantheons of Asia. Chalices, holy drums, praying machines, sacred lamps, sceptres, all manner of animals, dragons, warriors—a whole new world, which makes the visitor feel as if he had alighted on a new planet, and all environed with a glory of decoration and light which can not be surpassed—make up this fine rendezvous of archæologists and Orientologists. Mr. CERNUSCHI is full of wit, knows how to "sink the shop," or else invest it with humor and anecdote.

—The financial success which attended the late Centennial Exposition was largely due to the practical ability and untiring labor which Mr. JOHN WELSH devoted to it from its inception to its close. He was chairman of its finance committee, and in that capacity, especially in the early stages of the work, long before its opening, assumed pecuniary obligations which would have frightened most men. He is now to be made the recipient of a most honorable memorial of his services by the endowment of a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania, combined with the erection of a tablet in the university commemorative of his work. Fifty thousand dollars has been obtained for the work.

—Mr. JOHN THADDEUS DELANE, editor of the London *Times*, who is now very ill, and his recovery scarcely hoped for, is the son of the late WILLIAM F. A. DELANE, formerly financial manager of the *Times*, who died in 1858. Mr. J. T. DELANE is in his sixtieth year. He graduated at Oxford in 1839, and in that year became connected with the *Times* as assistant editor, under the late Mr. T. BARNES, on whose death, in 1841, he succeeded to the chief post of responsibility as editor of that journal—a great responsibility for a young man of twenty-four. Next to Mr. DELANE on the *Times* is Mr. COURTNEY, and after him Mr. STEBBINS; but the man and the mind that exercises active and constant supervision over that vast establishment is Mr. JOHN WALTER, the proprietor, "who saith unto one man *come*, and he *cometh*; to another, *go*, and—HE GOETH."

—Certain prominent members of the present House of Representatives from the South are thus sketched by a contemporary: "BEN HILL, tall, bent, sombre-looking. FAULKNER, of Virginia, with the jaw of a rhinoceros, and an immense mouth clinched together as if he could bite the world in two—a large man, with the reddish hair, skin, and eyes so indigenous to the Virginian. RANDOLPH TUCKER, relative of JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, tall, strong, well-built, arrogant of face and mien, strutting up and down the middle aisle straight and proud as a turkey-cock. LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, who does not look as if he held blood enough to give him the vertigo, yet it has threatened his life once or twice within a year. He is rather above medium height and size, has a good head, and a thoughtful, care-worn countenance. His hair is black, just tinged with gray, straight and long, clinging to his neck; his skin is sallow, his nose straight and refined, his eyes deep-set and melancholy—his whole expression melancholy and intellectual."

—SEBASTIAN LERDO, who has just been ejected from the Presidency of Mexico, and is now a fugitive in the provinces, is forty-one years old. He was originally educated for the Church, but disliking the life of an ecclesiastic, he studied law, and at the age of thirty-one became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In 1861 JUAREZ offered him a seat in the cabinet, which was declined, and he entered Congress. It was under his supervision that the army which hemmed in MAXIMILIAN at Queretaro was organized, drilled, and equipped. He met the petition of the American minister in behalf of the captured monarch with the assertion that his death was necessary to the future welfare of the country. Upon the resumption of power by JUAREZ, Señor LERDO was appointed President of the Supreme Court of Justice and Vice-President of the republic, and on the death of the President he succeeded him, and has governed up to the recent successful raid on the capital by DIAZ and GONZALES. Last November he was re-elected President, and confirmed by Congress by a majority of eighty-six, which indicates the strength of the Conservative-Liberal party. He has proved himself an able statesman and a genuine reformer.

—The late Dr. GUTHRIE used to relate the following incident showing the extraordinary memory of HUGH MILLER, the eminent scientist of Scotland. Conversing one day on some matter connected with Church affairs, MILLER said it reminded him of a discussion in GALT's novel of *The Provost*, and thereupon proceeded at great length to relate what Provost This and Bailie That and Counselor The Other said on the matter; but when he reached the "Convener of the Trades," he came suddenly to a halt. He was annoyed at having forgotten the speech, and getting a copy of the novel, he found the place and read it, excusing himself for his failure of memory. "But what was our astonishment," said GUTHRIE, "on getting hold of the book, to find that MILLER had repeated pages almost *verbatim*, though it was some fifteen years or more since he had read the novel!"

—Mrs. WILCOX, the daughter of ANDREW JACKSON DONELSON, nephew and adopted son of General ANDREW JACKSON, is a translator in the Dead Letter Office in Washington, where many quaint epistles and things are resurrected. She has just translated the postal treaty between the United States and Italy.

—Mr. JESSE J. BROWN, of New Albany, Indiana, has given $10,000 to Wabash University, at Crawfordsville, in that State.

—It is thus in rhythmic numbers that Mr. Joshua Billings inveighs against one of our most astute and useful quadrupeds:

"Full of cunning and low deceit,
With stolen cream and chickens fat,
Sweetly in dreams he lays at yure feet,
JUDAS ISKARIOTT, in shape ov a kat."

—The proposition of Mrs. COLGATE, of New York, to endow the New London (New Hampshire) Institution with $35,000 if $30,000 can be raised, will soon become available, as over $23,000 of the required sum has been secured.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Post-office Appropriation Bill was passed by the House, December 16. Eulogies on the late Speaker Kerr were delivered in the House, December 16, and in the Senate, December 18. Representative Morrison, by telegraph, called the Speaker's attention to the fact that Mr. Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, had refused to furnish the Louisiana select committee with the originals of certain election dispatches. The House referred the matter to the Judiciary Committee. On the 20th, the committee reported, and the House resolved, by a vote of 122 to 51, that there is nothing in law rendering communications by telegraph more privileged than oral or any other communications, and that the House has the power to require the production of such dispatches.—In the House, on the 18th, Mr. Hunter (Republican), of Indiana, moved to suspend the rules, and adopt a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report on the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the payment of war claims to disloyal persons. This was carried by a vote of 150 to 63. The nays were as follows: Ainsworth (Ga.), Ashe (N. C.), Atkins (Tenn.), Boone (Ky.), Bradford (Ala.), Blount (Ga.), Bright (Tenn.), Brown (Ky.), Caldwell (Tenn.), Caldwell (Ala.), Carr (Ind.), Cowan (O.), Cook (Ga.), Cabell (Va.), Culberson (Tex.), Davis (N. C.), Dibrell (Tenn.), Douglass (Va.), Durham (Ky.), Faulkner (W. Va.), Felton (Ga.), Finley (Fla.), Forney (Ala.), Franklin (Mo.), Ganse (Ark.), Goode (Va.), Gunter (Ala.), Harris (Ga.), Harris (Va.), Hartridge (Ga.), Hatcher (Mo.), Hereford (W. Va.), Hewitt (Ala.), Hill (Ga.), Hooker (Miss.), Hunton (Va.), Knott (Ky.), Lewis (Ala.), Lynch (Miss.), Milliken (Ky.), Mills (Tex.), Money (Miss.), O'Brien (Md.), Reagan (Tex.), Riddle (Tenn.), Robbins (N. C.), Scales (N. C.), Schleicher (Tex.), Singleton (Miss.), Slemons (Ark.), Smith (Ga.), Terry (Va.), Throckmorton (Tex.), Tucker (Va.), Vance (N. C.), Walker (Va.), Walsh (Md.), Warren (Mass.), Williams (Ala.), Wilshire (Ark.), Wilson (W. Va.), Whitthorne (Tenn.), Yeates (Tenn.). All of these but Lynch are Democrats. Mr. Wright introduced a bill in the Senate to establish a court for the trial of contested Presidential election cases. It declares that the election of any one declared elected President or Vice-President of the United States may be contested by any eligible person who received votes for the office contested, and that the trial shall take place before the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and six United States circuit or district judges, to be selected by him from the different political parties, and who shall not be interested in the particular contest, nor in any manner related to the persons involved. An appeal may be taken to the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Knott (Democrat), of Kentucky, introduced a bill, in the House, prescribing the method of counting the electoral votes for President and Vice-President. It was referred to the select committee on that subject. Its main provisions are as follows: The two Houses of Congress shall convene in joint session; that the President of the Senate shall appoint a teller on the part of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House a teller on the part of the House, and that the President of the Senate shall then, in the presence of the Houses, open the certificates of the electors; the certificates, when opened, are to be passed to the Speaker of the House, and the President of the Senate is thereupon to demand whether there be objection to counting the vote authenticated by such certificate; if there is any objection to the vote of any State, or if objection is made to any elector, or if there are contesting electors, the matter shall be decided by a majority of the joint assembly on a *viva voce* vote. In the Senate, a motion was made to pass, over the President's veto, the bill reducing the President's salary to $25,000, but it failed of the required two-thirds. The vote was 25 ayes and 19 nays.—In the Senate, December 19, the Pension Appropriation Bill was reported without amendment. The concurrent resolution of acceptance of the statues of John Winthrop and Samuel Adams for the National Gallery, presented by the State of Massachusetts, was agreed to by both Houses, after speeches by Senators Boutwell, Dawes, and Ingalls, and Representatives Hoar, Warren, and Garfield. The House, December 19, resolved to adjourn from the 23d to the 27th, and from the 30th to January 3. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriations Bill was reported in the House. It appropriates $1,135,585. The Fortifications Bill, appropriating $250,000, was passed by the House.—The Senate, December 20, reconsidered the vote of last session to establish the Territory of Pembina, and passed an amended bill, changing the name to Huron.

Two very destructive fires occurred recently in Little Rock, Arkansas, one on December 14 and the other on the 19th, involving a total loss of about $350,000. The City Hall was burned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MIDHAT PASHA has been appointed Grand Vizier of the Turkish Empire, in place of Mehemmed Ruchdi Pasha, who is dismissed. The Turkish government, in announcing the fact to its embassadors, says: "The policy of progress, firmness, and conciliation of the government remains the same." A dispatch from Berlin to the *Pall Mall Gazette* states that a six or eight weeks' extension of the armistice is assured.

By a colliery explosion at Newport, Wales, December 17, seventeen miners were killed and several fatally injured.

A collision between two railroad trains took place, December 17, on the road between Aix and Chatillon, in Belgium, killing eight persons and injuring fifteen.

The United States has apologized to France for the arrest at Philadelphia of Captain Aufrye, naval attaché of the French legation at Washington and Delegate French Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, at the instance of one of the Exhibition policemen.

THE CENTENNIAL CHRISTMAS.

A BOY'S BALLAD.

WE sat, on Christmas morning,
My little boy and I,
And as we talked together,
I heard the youngster sigh.
"Why do you sigh so, Lori,
When you should merry be?"
"Because, you poor old father,
We have no Christmas Tree."

"You know the reason, darling,
Or will when you are grown,
And know the need of money,
As I have always known;
You'll be content with Christmas
Without the Christmas Tree;"
And to myself, I added,
And, maybe, without me.

"But now I think about it,
We have one, after all;
And may we have another!
And may they never fall!
Those trees that once a century
Put forth their perfect flowers,
As ours this year is doing—
Was never tree like ours!"

"What tree, you funny father?"
"The Century Plant, my son."
"You mean the old Centennial—
Why, that is past and gone."
"But what it celebrated
Remains, that all may see;
One hundred years of freedom—
What better Christmas Tree?"

He seemed to comprehend me,
And what I meant to say:
A bright boy, thinks his mother—
But of that another day.
"Tell me about this freedom,
For much I wish to know:
Was it so different, father,
A hundred years ago?"

"I am too old to tell you,
And you too young to hear:
You could not understand it,
Nor could I make it clear."
"I know I am not clever,
And never shall be so;
But tell me, then, of Christmas
A hundred years ago."

"A hundred years ago, child,
To every human eye
There was no chance for freedom,
Or but the chance to die:
Strong were the English armies,
And ours were weak, though brave;
But something more than bravery
Was wanted them to save!

"Our soldiers needed clothing,
And needed food to eat,
And needed victory, sometimes,
And not one long retreat;
Affairs were desperate with us,
And something must be done,
For all men were disheartened—
All men, indeed, but one;

"Who spent his busy Christmas,
A hundred years ago,
In thinking of the British,
And how to strike a blow
That should surprise their forces
And show that if we fled,
We were not wholly beaten,
And freedom was not dead!

"It was an anxious Christmas—
The day was dreadful cold,
And between him and the Hessians
An icy river rolled;
The Delaware was swollen,
And glittering in the sun;
Men might be got across it,
But not a horse or gun.

"But he was nothing daunted,
Nor the brave troops he led,
Though others, less courageous,
Went sneaking off to bed;
For now the night had fallen,
And snow came thick and fast,
But somehow in the darkness
They crossed the stream at last.

"The northeast wind was blowing
A storm of hail and sleet,
That soaked their tattered garments,
And chilled their aching feet:
Their shoes, you see, were broken,
And every painful tread
Left marks of blood around it,
Until the ground was red."

"Oh, father!" said the youngster,
And shrank as from a blow;
"That was an awful Christmas
A hundred years ago!
But did the British suffer?
And tell me where were they?"
"Warm in their winter-quarters,
They passed a merry day:

"Fell on the drowsy Hessians,
Who rose and broke and ran,
And captured, say, a thousand,
And never lost a man!"
"Well, that was something, father;
But not enough to pay—
Was it?—for all their sufferings
That Christmas night and day."

I paused before I answered,
To see if I could find
Fit words to clothe my thoughts in
For such a youthful mind,
To which the thought of freedom
Could be but dim at best,
And not the beacon burning
In every manly breast.

"Lord Howe, their bold commander—
A happy man was he,
For the King had sent him honors
Across the stormy sea:
He feasted, and he reveled,
And won and lost his gold;
His soldiers in their barracks
Were warm as ours were cold."

"But what became of our men,
When they went bleeding on?"
"They stole away to Trenton,
Before the rise of sun,
And fell upon the Hessians,
Whom too much Christmas cheer
Had fuddled and bemuddled,
They were so full of beer—

But while I framed my answer,
He flew to other things,
Like the sparrows round the windows,
With never-weary wings.
"There must have been *one* Christmas—
I'm sure that it was so—
Better than that dark Christmas
A hundred years ago.

"Tell me about the next one;"
He kissed me here, and smiled.
I knew that what was coming
Would disappoint the child;
But I went on: "The next, dear,
Was darker than the last;
It was the saddest Christmas
Our soldiers ever passed.

"Howe was in winter-quarters
In the goodly State of Penn,
In the city that was founded
By his broad-brim, peaceful men.
We lay a day's march distant,
In a little wooded gorge,
Between two wooded ridges—
The place was Valley Forge.

"We had crossed the swollen Schuylkill,
As before the Delaware,
On the seventeenth of December,
And now were lying there,
More ragged than the scarecrows
That farmers set in field
To fright the thieving crows off,
But not the men to yield!

"We had no tents to sleep in,
No blankets to wrap round
Our cold and starving bodies,
That on the frozen ground
Shivered, and could not slumber:
Better to rise and pace
All night around the watch-fires
Than perish in that place!

"A sorry place for Christmas
For such brave men as we;
But we will not surrender,
Nor will we conquered be;
We care not that our foot-prints
Are red along the snow,
Nor how the sleet may rattle,
Nor how the winds may blow!

"For we have wives and children,
Who think of us to-day
Around their peaceful firesides—
Who think of us, and pray
That God will grant us freedom.
And He will, or soon or late:
If He put us off a season,
Why, we can fight—and wait."

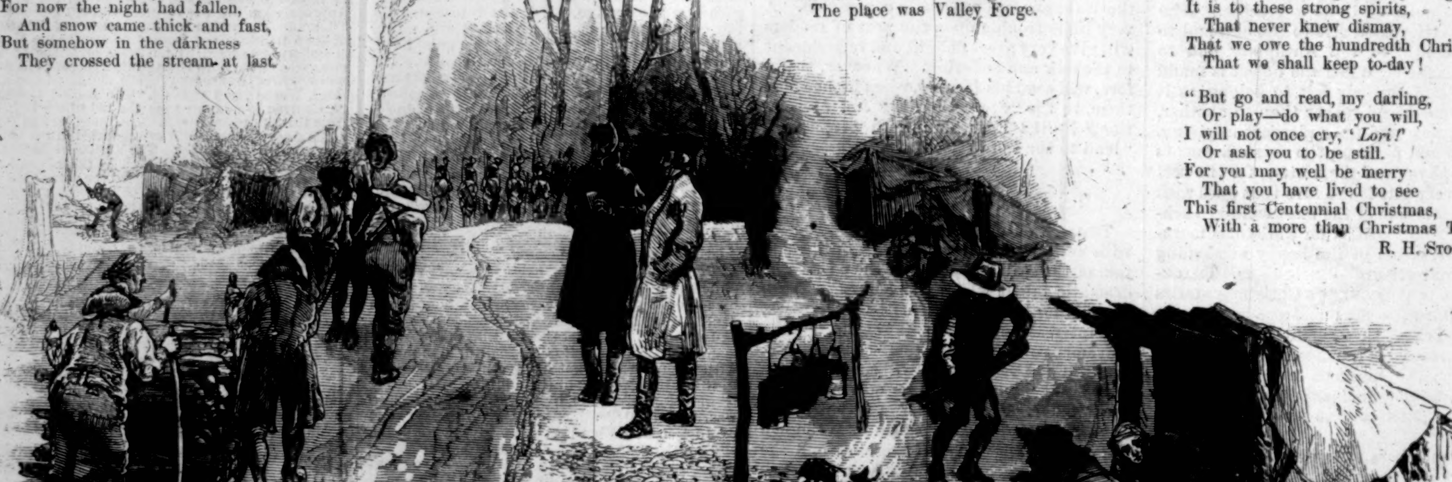
"Was that the way our fathers,
A hundred years ago,
Kept Christmas-day? I'm glad, then,
We do not keep it so.
But, father, was it worth it?
Was what you 'freedom' call—
Oh, was it worth this hardship?"
"Yes, Lori, worth it all.

"For out of all this hardship,
This sorrow, and this pain—
Out of the wrongs we suffered,
But never will again—
Out of our gains and losses,
In seven long years of war,
We came the mighty People,
The Nation that we are!

"The spirits of our fathers,
Who stoutly fought King George,
Who made that dash at Trenton,
And lived through Valley Forge—
It is to these strong spirits,
That never knew dismay,
That we owe the hundredth Christmas
That we shall keep to-day!

"But go and read, my darling,
Or play—do what you will,
I will not once cry, '*Lori!*'
Or ask you to be still.
For you may well be merry
That you have lived to see
This first Centennial Christmas,
With a more than Christmas Tree!"

R. H. STODDARD.



It is now disclosed that Ben Hill, in replying to Fernando Wood's fiery but ineffective speech in the Democratic Congressional caucus the other night, said: "Perhaps the gentleman from New York does not understand the conservative effect of a fifteen-inch shell with a fuse in a state of combustion. I do."

"Invincible in Peace—Invisible in War."

NO—NO MORE CHESTNUTS FOR ME.

THE BABY YEAR.

THE lightning sends its message out,
 And round the world it flashes;
Behold! the old Centennial year
 Is now a heap of ashes.
But lo! an infant, Phœnix-like,
 His snowy skirt unravels—
The Baby Year has come to light,
 And starts upon his travels.

"Ha, ha! ha, ha!" he cries aloud,
 "The old year, dead and rotten,
Was certainly a great affair,
 And should not be forgotten;
But now the empire falls to me,
 A few roofs I'll uncover,
And what the world may be about
 I'll presently discover.

"Now here's a building grim and gray,
 A jolly fire is glowing,
The goblets chink, the glasses shine,
 I see the punch-bowl flowing.
These are the great and mighty minds
 That awful thoughts are thinking?
No! like merry crowd of boys,
 My baby health they're drinking.

"Now what's this sweet and solemn sound
 That o'er the earth is ringing?
Within the dim cathedral walls
 Glad voices now are singing:
'The old year dies, the new year lives;
 Our days are passing slowly;
God grant that in the coming year
 They may grow pure and holy!'"

"Amen!" replies the Baby Year,
 His footsteps lightly glancing
Where Cupid holds high revelry,
 And men and maids are dancing.
"Ha, ha!" he laughs, "what dreams to-night
 Shall throng each maiden's pillow!
And some shall wed ere I grow old,
 And some shall wear the willow.

"But men are brave and men are good;
 The old year's crown of glory
Shall know no stain, but lustre gain,
 From my own peaceful story.
The merry punch shall ebb and flow,
 The earth shall yield her treasures,
And laughing men and loving maids
 Shall toy with Cupid's pleasures.

"The bells shall ring, glad voices sing,
 And love and law possessing,
Shall bend the smile of Heaven toward earth
 And win its choicest blessing.
I come, I come, while fair and pure
 That grand old year lies sleeping:
God sends the helpless Baby Year,
 And trusts him to man's keeping."

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A COMMON specific for a broken heart when the patient happens to be a person of handsome fortune—for your pauper, hard work is your only cure—is foreign travel. Lord Clanyarde, who hated Marchbrook, now suggested this remedy to his daughter. He felt that it was his duty to afford her the benefit of his protection and society during the first period of her widowhood; and it struck him that it would be more agreeable for both of them to lead a nomadic life than to sit opposite each other on the family hearth and brood upon the sorrows of this mortal life or read the family Bible.

"It would be quite the right season for Rome, love, if we were to start at once," said Lord Clanyarde, soothingly.

He knew several pretty women in Rome—mostly Americans—and it was just possible the hunting in the Campagna might not be over. And there were those Bohemian artists—French and German—with their long hair and velvet coats, and free and easy painting rooms, and wild amusing talk. Lord Clanyarde had just sufficient love of art to enjoy that kind of society. Altogether he felt that Rome was the place for Constance. She would see St. Peter's at Easter, and the Colosseum by moonlight, and so on, and the aching void in her heart would be filled.

Constance yielded to her father's suggestion with a graceful submission that charmed him. She cared very little whither she went. The little girl was still at Hastings with honest Martha. She cried sometimes for mamma, but was happy, upon the whole, Martha wrote; wondering very much why she and her charge remained so long away. Martha knew nothing of the change that had taken place in her darling's position.

"Very well, dear," said Lord Clanyarde. "You have only to get your boxes packed; and, by-the-way, you had better write to your banker for circular notes. Five hundred will do to start with."

Father and daughter went to Italy, and Constance tried to find comfort in those classic scenes which are peopled with august shadows; but her heart was tortured by separation from the child, and it was only a resolute pride which withheld her from owning the truth—that the little one she had believed her own was as dear to her as the baby she had lost.

Easter came with all its religious splendors, its pomps and processions, and the Eternal City was crowded with strangers. Lord Clanyarde insisted that his daughter should see every thing worth seeing, so the pale fair face in widow's weeds was an object of interest and admiration for many among the spectators.

Lord Clanyarde and his daughter were driving on the Corso one sunny afternoon in the Easter week, when the gentleman's attention was attracted by a lady who drove a phaeton with a pair of cobs caparisoned in a fantastical fashion, with silver bells on their harness. The lady was past her first youth, but was still remarkably handsome, and was dressed with an artistic sense of color and a daring disregard of the fashion of the day—dressed, in a word, to look like an old picture, and not like a modern fashion plate.

"Who can she be?" exclaimed Lord Clanyarde. "Her face seems familiar to me, yet I haven't the faintest idea where I've seen her."

A few yards further on he encountered an acquaintance of the London clubs, and pulled up his horses on purpose to interrogate him about the unknown in the Spanish hat.

"Don't you know her?" asked Captain Flitter, with a surprised air. "Yes, she's handsome, but *passée; sur le retour.*"

"Who is she?" repeated Lord Clanyarde.

Captain Flitter looked curiously at Mrs. Sinclair before he answered.

"Her name is Walsingham—widow of a Colonel Walsingham—colonel in the Spanish contingent—rather a bad egg; of course I mean the gentleman."

A light dawned on Lord Clanyarde's memory. Yes, this was the Mrs. Walsingham whom people had talked about years ago, before Sinclair's marriage, and it was Sinclair's money she was spending now, in all probability, on that fantastical turn-out with its jingling bells. Lord Clanyarde felt himself personally aggrieved by the lady, and yet he thought he would like to see more of her.

"Does she stay long in Rome?" he asked the club lounger.

"She never stays long any where, I believe; very erratic; likes artists and musical people, and that sort of thing; has reception every Saturday evening. I always go. One meets people one doesn't see elsewhere—not the regulation treadmill, you know."

Lord Clanyarde asked no more. He would be sure to meet Flitter at one of the artists' rooms, and could ask him as many questions about Mrs. Walsingham as he liked.

The two men met that very evening, and the result of their conversation was Lord Clanyarde's presentation to Mrs. Walsingham at her Saturday reception.

She was very gracious to him, and made room for him on the ottoman where she was seated, the centre of a circle of enthusiastic Americans, who thought her the nicest Englishwoman they had ever met.

Under the gentle light of the wax candles Lord Clanyarde saw the face that had so charmed him in the Spanish hat. Seeing Mrs. Walsingham closer, he discovered that her beauty was a tradition rather than a fact; but she could at least command respect in that she had not invoked the aid of art to disguise the ravages of time and care. There was something noble in the faded beauty of her face, the finely cut features had lost nothing, but the wan cheeks and sunken eyes, the dull and joyless look when the face was in repose, told of a desolate home and a weary life.

"Who was that lady in deep mourning you were driving with yesterday?" Mrs. Walsingham asked presently.

"My youngest daughter, Mrs. Sinclair. You knew her husband, I think, some years ago. He is lately dead."

"Yes, I saw his death in the *Times*, in that dismal column where we shall all appear in due course, I suppose."

Lord Clanyarde looked at the speaker thoughtfully. It occurred to him that it might not be long before she too passed into that shadowy procession which is always traveling through the columns of our favorite newspaper, the subject of a few careless exclamations. "Dear me, who would have thought it? It was only the other day we saw her. I wonder who gets her money?"

"Yes; he died in South America. You heard the story, I suppose. A most unfortunate business—his confidential solicitor shot in Sinclair's own garden by a little French girl he had been foolish enough to get entangled with. The jealous little viper contrived to give the police the slip, and Sinclair saw himself in danger of being brought unpleasantly into the business, so he wisely left the country."

"You believe that it was Melanie Duport who shot Mr. Wyatt?" Mrs. Walsingham exclaimed, eagerly.

"What, you remember the girl's name? Yes, there can hardly be a doubt as to her guilt. Who else had any motive for killing him? The creature's letter luring him to the spot was found in the park, and she disappeared on the morning of the murder. Those two facts are convincing, I should think," concluded Lord Clanyarde, somewhat warmly.

He wanted to assoilzie his own race from the contamination of having intermarried with a murderer. For the manes of Sinclair, innocent or guilty, he cared very little; but a man whose grandchildren were growing big enough for Eton and Harrow had reason to be careful of the family repute.

"Yes, she was a wicked creature," said Mrs. Walsingham, thoughtfully; "she had a natural bent toward evil."

"You speak as if you had known her."

Mrs. Walsingham looked confused.

"I read the account of that dreadful business in the newspapers," she said. "I hope Mrs. Sinclair has quite recovered from the shock such an awful event must have caused her."

"Well, yes; I think she has recovered from that. Her husband's death following so quickly was of course a blow, and since then she has had another trouble to bear."

"Indeed! I am sorry," said Mrs. Walsingham, with a thoughtful look.

"Yes; we did all for the best. She was dangerously ill, you know, about a year and a half ago, and we—well, it was foolish, perhaps, though the plan succeeded for the moment—we made her believe that her little girl had been saved from drowning at Schönesthal, in the Black Forest. You may have heard of the circumstance."

"Yes, yes."

"It was quite wonderful. She received the strange child we introduced to her with delight—never doubted its identity with her own baby—and all went on well till poor Sinclair's death; but on his death-bed he wrote her a letter telling her—"

"That the child was not her own!" exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham. "That must have hit her hard."

"It did, poor girl. She has not yet recovered the blow, and I fear never will. What I most dread is her sinking back into the state in which she was the winter before last."

"Where is Sir Cyprian Davenant?" asked Mrs. Walsingham, somewhat irrelevantly.

"At the other end of the world, I suppose. I believe he started for Africa some time last autumn."

"Was there not some kind of early attachment between him and Mrs. Sinclair? Pardon me for asking such a question."

"Yes; I believe Davenant would have proposed for Constance if his circumstances had permitted him to hope for my consent."

"Poor fellow! And he carried his broken heart to Africa, and came back to find a fortune waiting for him, and your daughter married. Do you not think, if he were to return now, Mrs. Sinclair might be consoled for the loss of her child by reunion with the lover of her girlhood?"

"I doubt if any thing would reconcile her to the loss of the little girl. Her affection for that child was an infatuation."

A pair of picturesque Italians began a duet by Verdi, and the conversation between Mrs. Walsingham and Lord Clanyarde went no further. He did not make any offer of bringing Constance to the lady's receptions; for the memory of that old alliance between Mrs. Walsingham and Gilbert Sinclair hung like a cloud over her reputation. No one had any specific charge to bring against her, but it was remembered that Sinclair had been her devoted slave for a long time, and had ended his slavery by marrying somebody else.

"She's a charming woman, you know," said Lord Clanyarde to the friend who had presented him to Mrs. Walsingham, "but I feel a kind of awkwardness about asking her to call upon my daughter. You see, I don't exactly understand her relations with poor Sinclair."

Fortunately Mrs. Walsingham made no suggestion about calling on Mrs. Sinclair. She welcomed Lord Clanyarde graciously whenever he chose to go to her Saturday evenings. He heard the best music, met the nicest people, eat Neapolitan ices in cool, dimly lighted rooms, and admired the fading beauties of the hostess. She reminded him of an autumn afternoon. The same rich glow of color, the same prophecy of coming decay.

As the weeks went round Constance showed no improvement in health or spirits. Pride was making a sorry struggle in that broken heart. She would not go back to England and the spurious Christabel, though her heart yearned for that guiltless impostor. She would not suffer another woman's child to hold the place of her lost darling; no, not even though that strange child had made itself dearer to her than life.

Mrs. Sinclair's doctor informed Lord Clanyarde that Rome was getting too warm for his patient, whereupon that anxious parent was fain to tear himself away from the pleasures of the seven-hilled city and those delightful evenings at Mrs. Walsingham's.

"Our medical man threatens me with typhoid fever and all manner of horrors if I keep my daughter here any longer," he said, "so we start for the Engadine almost immediately. You will not stay much longer in Rome, I suppose?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Walsingham, carelessly; "the place suits me better than any other. I am tired to death of London and Paris. There is some pleasure in life here; and I should like to be buried in the cemetery where Keats lies."

"Yes, it's a nice place to be buried in, if we must be buried at all; but that's rather a gloomy consideration. I should strongly advise you to spend the summer in a healthier climate, and leave the burial question to chance."

"Oh, I dare say I shall soon get tired of Rome. I always get tired of places before I have been very long in them; and if the artists go away, I shall go too."

Lord Clanyarde and his daughter left at the end of the week. There were fever cases talked of already, and all the American tourists had fled. Lord Clanyarde felt he was not getting away an hour too soon. They dawdled about among Swiss mountains, living a life of rustic simplicity that was wondrously beneficial to Constance, but somewhat painful to Lord Clanyarde. At the beginning of July they had established themselves at a lonely little village in the shadow of white, solemn mountains, and here Constance felt as if she had passed beyond the region of actual life into a state of repose, a kind of painless purgatory. She had done with the world and worldly interests and affections. Even the little stranger's heart must have been weaned from her by this time.

Lord Clanyarde saw the gradual decay of his daughter's strength, and trembled for the issue. She had grown dearer to him in this time of close companionship than she had ever been since the far-off days when she was little Connie, the youngest and loveliest of his daughters. He told himself that unless something occurred to rouse her from this dull apathy, this placid calm which looked like the forerunner of death's frozen stillness, there was every reason for fear, and but little ground for hope.

Lord Clanyarde prayed more earnestly than he had ever done before in his self-indulgent life, and it seemed to him that Providence heard his cry for help.

One morning there came a letter from Rome which startled father and daughter alike. It was from Mrs. Walsingham, written in a tremulous hand, and addressed to Lord Clanyarde.

"They tell me I am dying, and the near approach of death has melted the ice about my heart. I have been a very wicked woman, and now conscience urges me to make you what poor reparation I can for a most cruel and treacherous revenge—not upon the man who wronged me, but upon the innocent girl for whose sake I was deserted.

"I have deeply injured your daughter, Lord Clanyarde, and I meant to carry the secret of that wrong to the grave—to leave her desolate and childless to the end. But the long lonely nights, the pain and weariness of decay, the dreary seclusion from the busy outer world—these have done their work. Conscience, which had been deadened by anger and revenge, slowly awakened, and there came a longing for atonement. I can never undo what I have done. I can never give your daughter back the years that have been darkened by sorrow—her wasted tears, her vain regrets. But I may do something. Let her come to me—let her stand beside my death-bed, and I will whisper the story of my crime into her ear. I will not write it. She must come quickly if she wishes to hear what I have to tell, for death stares me in the face, and this letter may be long reaching you. Every day drifts me further down the dark river. How swiftly it rushes sometimes in the dreary night-watches! I can fancy I hear the ripple of the tide and the hollow moan of the great ocean that lies before me—the unknown sea of death and eternity."

Here came a broken sentence, which Lord Clanyarde could not decipher, and it seemed to him that the writer's mind had wandered toward the close of the letter. There was no signature, but he knew the handwriting, and Mrs. Walsingham's address was engraved at the top of the paper.

The letter had been more than a week on the road, and was re-addressed from the hotel where Lord Clanyarde and his daughter had staid at the beginning of their tour.

"It's a curious business," said Lord Clanyarde, doubtfully, after he had given Constance the letter. "I believe her mind is affected, poor soul; and I really don't think you ought to go. Who can tell what she may say in her ravings, and not a vestige of truth in it, perhaps."

He thought Mrs. Walsingham's death-bed confession might concern her relations with Gilbert Sinclair, and that it would be better for Constance to hear nothing the unhappy lady could tell.

"This letter bears the stamp of truth," said Constance, firmly. "I shall go, papa. Pray get a carriage, and let us start as quickly as possible."

"But, my love, consider the unhealthiness of Rome at this time of year. We might as well go and live in a fever hospital. The Pontine Marshes, you know, steaming with malaria. We should be digging our own graves."

"You need not go there unless you like, papa, but I shall not lose an hour. She has something to confess—some wrong done me—something about Christabel, perhaps," cried Constance, tremulous with excitement.

"My dear girl, be calm. What can this lady know about Christabel?"

"I don't know, but I must hear what she has to tell. Wasted tears—vain regrets. That must mean that I have grieved needlessly. Oh God, does it mean that my darling is still alive?"

"If you go on like this, Constance, you'll be in a burning fever before you get to Rome," remonstrated Lord Clanyarde.

He saw that the only wise course was to yield to his daughter's wishes, and lost no time in making arrangements for the journey back to Rome. The apathy which had made him so anxious about Constance was quite gone. She was full of eagerness and excitement, and insisted on traveling as quickly as possible, foregoing all rest upon the journey.

They entered Rome in the summer sunset, the city looking beautiful as a dream. The atmosphere was cool and balmy, but Lord Clanyarde looked with a shudder at the silvery mists floating over the valleys, and fancied he saw the malaria fiend grinning at him behind that diaphanous veil. Constance thought of nothing but the purpose for which she had come.

"Tell the man to drive straight to Mrs. Walsingham's, papa," she said, eagerly.

"But, my love, hadn't he better take us to the hotel? We had nothing but an omelet for breakfast, and a basket of peaches and a cup of chocolate on the road. I'm thoroughly exhausted. We won't stop for an elaborate dinner. A cutlet and a bottle of Bordeaux will be enough."

"You can leave me at Mrs. Walsingham's, and go on to the hotel to dine."

"Never mind me, my love," said Lord Clanyarde, resignedly. "Since you're so anxious, we'll go and see this poor lady first; but a death-bed confession, you know, that must be a long business."

He gave the direction to the driver, and the man pulled up his tired horses before one of the stately palaces of the past.

Constance and her father ascended to the first floor. The house was full of shadows at this tranquil evening hour, and the staircase was dim-

ly lighted by a lamp burning before a statue of the Virgin.

An Italian man-servant admitted them to an anteroom lavishly decorated with pictures and bric-à-brac—a room in which Lord Clanyarde had eaten Neapolitan ices or sipped coffee on those Saturday evenings which Mrs. Walsingham had made so agreeable to him. He had never seen the room empty before to-night, and it had a singularly desolate look to his fancy in the flickering light of a pair of wax candles that had burned down to the sockets of the Pompeian bronze candlesticks on the velvet-draped mantel-piece.

"How is your mistress?" Lord Clanyarde asked, eagerly.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders.

"Alas, Excellency, it goes always the same. She still exists, that is all."

"Tell her Mrs. Sinclair has come from Switzerland in the hope of seeing her."

The Italian summoned Mrs. Walsingham's maid, who requested Constance to come at once to the sick-room. She was expected, the woman said. But she must prepare herself to be shocked by Mrs. Walsingham's appearance. Her end seemed near.

"You had better go to your hotel, papa," said Constance. "I may have to stay here a long time. You can come back for me by-and-by."

On reflection Lord Clanyarde considered this the best arrangement. He really wanted his dinner. Indeed, he had never yet found any crisis in life so solemn as to obliterate that want.

The servant led the way through a suit of reception-rooms to a tall door at the end of a spacious saloon. This opened into Mrs. Walsingham's bedroom, which was the last room on this side of the house: a noble chamber, with windows looking two ways—one toward the hills, the other over the stately roofs and temples of the city. Both windows were wide open, and there was no light in the room save the rosy glow of sunset. The bed was in an alcove, voluminously draped with amber damask and Roman lace. Mrs. Walsingham was in a sitting position, propped up with pillows, facing the sun-glow beyond the purple hills.

There was a second door opening on to the staircase, and as Constance entered, some one—a man—left the room by this door. She supposed that this person must be one of Mrs. Walsingham's medical attendants. The doctors were hovering about her, no doubt, in these last hours.

"You have come," gasped the dying woman, "thank God! You can go, Morris," to the maid; "I will ring if I want you. Come here, Mrs. Sinclair. Sit down by my side. There is no time to lose. My breath fails me very often. You must excuse—be patient."

"Pray do not distress yourself," said Constance, seating herself in the chair beside the bed; "I can stay as long as you like."

"How gently you speak to me! but you don't know. You will look at me differently presently—not with those compassionate eyes. I am an awful spectacle, am I not?—living death. Would you believe that I was once a beauty? Sant painted my portrait when we were both at our best—" with a bitter little laugh.

"I have not lost an hour in coming to you," said Constance. "If you have done me a wrong that you can by any means atone for, pray do not lose time."

"Death is waiting at my door. Yes, I must be quick. But it is so horrible to talk of it, such mean, low treachery. Not a great revenge; a pitiful, paltry act of spitefulness. Oh, if you knew how I loved Gilbert Sinclair, how firmly I believed in his love—yes, and he was fond of me, until the luckless day you crossed his path and stole his heart from me."

"I never knew—" faltered Constance.

"No, you wronged me ignorantly; but that did not make my loss lighter to bear. I hated you for it. Yes, I measured my hatred for you by my love for him. Life was intolerable to me without him, and one day I vowed that I would make your life intolerable to you. I was told that you were making an idol of your child, that your happiness was bound up in that baby's existence, and I resolved that the child should be taken from you—"

"Wretch!" cried Constance, starting up in sudden horror. "You were there—at Schönesthal—you pushed her down the slope—it was not accident—"

"No, no. I was not quite so bad as that—not capable of taking that sweet young life. To take her from you, that was enough. To make your days miserable—to make you drink the cup of tears, as I had done—because of you. *That* was my end and aim. I found a willing tool in your French nurse-maid, a skillful coadjutor in James Wyatt. Every thing was well planned. The girl had learned to swim, the year before, at Ostend, and was not afraid to plunge into the river when she saw some one coming. This gave a look of reality to the business. I met Melanie Duport at the ruins that September morning, and took your baby from her; I carried her away in my own arms to the place where a carriage was waiting for me, and drove straight to Baden, and from Baden traveled as fast as I could to Brussels, keeping the baby in my own charge all the while."

"She was not drowned, then. Thank God! thank God!" cried Constance, sinking on her knees beside the bed, and lifting up her heart in praise and thanksgiving. Of Mrs. Walsingham's guilt—of the vain sorrow she had endured—she hardly thought in this moment of delight.

"Where is she, my darling, my angel? What have you done with her? Where have you hidden her all this time?"

A wan smile crept over the ashen face of the dying sinner.

"We are strange creatures, we women—mysteries even to ourselves," she said. "I took your child away from you, and hearing you were dying broken-hearted, gave her back to you. Your old lover pleaded strongly. I gave the little one into Sir Cyprian Davenant's keeping. I know no more."

"Then I was not deceived. My Christabel—it was my Christabel they brought back to me. The instinct of a mother's heart was not a delusion and a snare."

"Can you pity—pardon?" faltered Mrs. Walsingham.

"Yes, I forgive you for all—for months of blank, hopeless grief—all—because of what you have told me to-night. If you had taken this secret to the grave—if I had never known—I should have gone on steeling my heart against my darling; I should have thrust her from me, left her motherless in this cruel world, and thought that I was doing my duty. Yes, I forgive. You have wronged me cruelly; and it was heartless, treacherous, abominable, what you did at Schönesthal; but I forgive you all for the sake of this blessed moment. May God pardon and pity you, as I do!"

"You are an angel," sighed Mrs. Walsingham, stretching out a feeble hand, which Constance pressed tenderly in both her own. Death is a great healer of by-gone wrongs.

"And will you forgive the friend who brought you your own child, believing that he was bringing upon you a stranger, and who experimentalized with your maternal love in the hope of winning you from the grave?"

"You mean Sir Cyprian Davenant?" said Constance.

"Yes."

"I felt very angry with him when my father told me what he had done; but I am sure all he did was done out of affection for an old friend. I have nothing to forgive."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Sir Cyprian has returned from Africa after a successful expedition. He is in Rome."

Constance's pale cheek grew a shade paler.

"He is in Rome, and has paid me many visits in this sick-room. He has talked to me of your gentleness—your divine compassion. But for that I do not think I should ever have had the courage to send for you—"

"I thank him with all my heart," exclaimed Constance.

"Let your lips thank him too," said Mrs. Walsingham, touching the spring bell on the little table by her side.

She struck the bell three times, and at the third chime the door opened and Cyprian Davenant came in. It was he who had withdrawn quietly at Mrs. Sinclair's entrance, and whom she had mistaken for the doctor.

"She has forgiven all," said Mrs. Walsingham. "You were right when you called her an angel. And now let me do one good thing on my death-bed. Let me be sure that the rest of her life will be bright and happy, that there will be a strong arm and a true heart between her and sorrow. It will help to lift the burden from my conscience if I can be sure of that."

Constance spoke not a word. She stood before her first lover blushing like a school-girl. She dared not lift her eyes to his face.

Happily there was little need of words.

Cyprian put his arm round the slender figure, in its dismal black dress, and drew the love of years to his breast. "God has been very good to us, my darling," he said. "May He never part us any more! I think He meant us to live and die together."

Constance did not question this assertion. Her heart mutely echoed her lover's words.

* * * * * *

In the early spring of the following year Davenant awoke like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, and the comfortable old servants, who had grown fat and sleek during their period of comparative idleness, rejoiced and made merry at the coming home of their master. They had known him from his boyhood, and to them this raising up of the old family to more than its former prosperity was like a personal elevation. Even the neighboring villages had their share in the gladness, and there were more bonfires and triumphal arches between the railway station and the park gates on the evening of Sir Cyprian's return with his beautiful wife, Lord Clanyarde's daughter, than had ever been seen before by the oldest inhabitant.

Baby Christabel was waiting to welcome them on the threshold of the old oak-paneled hall; and Martha Briggs, resplendent in a new silk gown, declared that this was the happiest day of her life—an assertion which James Gibson, the gamekeeper, resented as a personal affront.

"Bar one, Patty," he remonstrated. "I should think your own wedding day ought to be still happier."

"No, it won't," cried Martha, decidedly; "and I think you ought to know, Jim, that I never would have given my consent to get married if my mistress hadn't—"

"Set you the example," cried James, with a guffaw. "And a very good example it is, too. Sir Cyprian has promised me the new lodge at the south gate—five rooms and a scullery. That's the missus's doing, I'll be bound."

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Frederick A. Ober, well known to the readers of *Forest and Stream* under his *nom de plume* of "Fred Beverley," left, December 7, on the schooner *F. A. Magee*, for Martinique, to commence an exploration of the West India Islands, under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution. Great interest attaches to the natural history of these islands in connection with the variation of species, etc.; and important results having already been obtained by the researches of Dr. Bryant, N. H. Bishop, Dr. Gundlach, Professor Alfred Newton, A. E. Younglove, etc., upon the westernmost islands, it was considered very desirable to complete the examination. Mr. Ober proposes to begin at Martinique, and to collect the vertebrates on all the Leeward Islands, visiting each one in succession, and proceeding east and south by the Windward Islands to the Spanish Main. The work will probably occupy several years, and with it will be combined the taking of photographic views of the scenery and inhabitants. It is believed that, should Mr. Ober be as successful as he anticipates, a critical investigation of his collections by specialists will not only bring to light species long ago described and not met with for many years, but will include some new to science, and at the same time elucidate many interesting problems in physical and zoological geography. Associated with the Smithsonian Institution in this enterprise are Mr. George N. Lawrence, of New York, Professor E. D. Cope, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, and Mr. Green Smith, of Peterborough, New York.

The death of M. Chekanoffsky is announced as having taken place in the end of October. He was originally an exile in Siberia, but devoted many years to the geological exploration of that country, and had but recently returned from his travels on the Olenek and the shores of the polar sea, where he had made extensive collections.

According to recent advices, Captain Kielsen, of the *John Maria*, during the summer of 1876, reached an altitude of 81½° north, between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, where he found the sea free of ice. He discovered an island with a mountain 500 feet high, which he called White Island. He supposes that the ice wall around the pole was this year at a higher latitude, and that the Gulf Stream generally follows this direction.

The Berlin papers have much to say about the habits of the young gorilla in the Berlin Aquarium, many of which strikingly suggest certain characteristics of humanity. He nods and claps his hands to visitors; wakes up like a man and stretches himself; he will only eat in company with his keeper, who must also be by his side when he goes to sleep. After convalescence from an attack of inflammation of the lungs, during which he was attended by a physician, he showed the doctor his tongue, and squeezed his hand in thankfulness, it is supposed, for his improvement.

We have already noticed briefly the death at Stuttgart of the celebrated traveler and zoologist, Theodor von Heuglin, at the age of fifty-two, and now give a few further particulars in regard to him. In 1850 he made a protracted stay in Egypt for the purpose of studying Oriental languages, manners, and customs. Afterward he became secretary to Dr. Reitz, the Austrian consul at Khartoom, and visited the Upper Nile districts and Abyssinia, subsequently succeeding Dr. Reitz in the consulate, and remaining there till 1856. He then published several works of his travels, as also his review of the birds of Africa. He next visited the Red Sea, and in 1862 returned to Khartoom and made an attempt to trace the course of the White Nile. In 1870 and 1871 he made an exploration of the arctic regions.

Another recent death is that of T. Heathcote G. Wyndham, which occurred in November last. He was specially interested in chemical mineralogy, although his publications in this department were confined to a paper on idocrase and garnet, and one on Vesuvius.

The Rev. S. M'Farlane, in a letter dated September 15, gave an account of the massacre of Dr. James at Yule Island by the natives of New Guinea. Dr. James, who was a native of Richmond, Virginia, was the surgeon and naturalist of the *Chevert*, the vessel fitted out in 1875 by William Macleay, of Australia, and after the premature return of that vessel made arrangements to renew the enterprise on his own account. Application for assistance was made by him to various parties in the United States, but without success, and subsequently his work was prosecuted under the direction of Mr. Alfred Roberts, of Sydney. He was an accomplished collector, and had gathered large numbers of specimens, with important notes upon them, at the time of his death.

The discovery by M. Gessi of a large branch of the Nile, diverging from the White Nile 100 miles south of Duffle, suggests the possibility of water communication between Lake Albert Nyanza and Khartoom, if the statements of the natives be true that it runs in an unobstructed stream into the Nile again. It is announced also that Colonel Gordon has discovered a large lake fifty miles in length a little north of the Albert Nyanza, from which issues the main branch of the Nile, called the Victoria Nile, and running from the Victoria to the Albert Lake, together with a branch river.

The latest news of the Brazza-Marche expedition, now exploring the Ogowé, announces that after running north to the first degree of south latitude this river turns abruptly southward into unexplored regions. It is thought from the large volume of its water that it is an outlet of some of the lakes of the region referred to.

A monthly geographical review is to be published in Paris by Thonin, and edited by Dropeyron, under the title of *Revue Géographique*. This is to contain reports of all work done in connection with geography, including the various methods now employed in teaching it, as well as topography. It is proposed to make it an organ for those interested in geography, geology, archæology, paleontology, and ethnology in its widest sense.

The Naval Observatory has recently published an Appendix (No. I. for 1874), under the title of "Instruments and Publications of the United States Naval Observatory, 1845-1876," with six plates. The frontispiece is a general view of the observatory; the first eight pages are devoted to a short sketch of the history of the observatory, list of superintendents, etc., by Professor Nourse. The mural and transit are described by Professor Yarnall (in charge), with one heliotype view of both instruments. The prime-vertical transit is not in use, and so only a few words are given to it. The 9.6-inch equatorial, the comet-seeker, and the meridian circle are described by Professor Eastman (in charge), and plates of the two larger instruments given. The 26-inch equatorial is described by Professor Holden, and two plates are given of it. Heliotypes of drawings of Saturn and of three nebulæ drawn by M. Trouvelot and Professor Holden conclude the volume. This publication will be of use to astronomers who do not possess the earlier volumes containing the original descriptions.

Among the various problems of interest in Northern Europe there are few of more economical importance than that connected with the movements of the herring, a fish which in some years furnishes a supply of almost millions of barrels, and in others a few thousand are all that can be secured. While the cod always maintains its numbers and comes with unerring regularity in winter to spawn in the Loffoden Islands, and is found in moderate numbers on the coast throughout the rest of the year, the herring appears and disappears without any at present intelligible cause. This variation in abundance is by some ascribed to a total disappearance from the coast, while others believe that it remains within a hundred miles of the Scandinavian shore, far out in the deep water between the banks of the North Sea and the coast of Norway, but that, owing to some peculiarity of temperature, currents, or possibly tainting of the water by the abundance of the so-called gurry or offal from the herring and cod fisheries, it is kept away. Down to a late period of the preceding century the herring appeared in immense numbers with tolerable regularity, then left the coast, and did not return till 1808—a lapse of twenty years. For sixty-two years after that it presented itself with unfailing certainty, so much so that all fears of a possible diminution were banished; but since 1871 it has almost disappeared from the usual fishing stations, a few thousand barrels being the maximum catch where a million or more was the rule. This is what is known as the spring herring. The so-called great herring has since 1870 attained a considerable importance at a distance of from 500 to 700 miles from the spring-herring locality. This diminution of the spring-herring fishery of Scandinavia has been of considerable advantage to the American fishery interest, as a large export has lately commenced of the American herring from Gloucester and other ports to Norway and Sweden, this now assuming very considerable importance. The American species is almost identical with the European, although as the *Clupea elongata* it is considered by some as distinct from the *C. harengus* of the Old World. It has, however, in America been utilized but little in proportion to the capacity of the sea to furnish it. A few ship-loads are brought in winter to the ports of Portland, Boston, and New York, and used fresh or slightly smoked, and a small number used thoroughly smoked in Maine and the provinces. Millions of barrels, however, could very readily be obtained in the last-mentioned regions if the demand existed for them, at present the greater part of the summer catch being converted into oil and fertilizers instead of being used as food.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is told of a Glasgow minister that, having announced a collection for the Sunday following, he stationed himself at the door after the sermon, expecting the congregation would be more liberal on seeing him there. One man passed and dropped in a half-penny, then another who gave nothing, and then another dropped a half-penny, which brought the expression, "There they go—three a penny—three a penny!"

A Springfield butcher was invited the other night to attend a minstrel show, but positively declined, even when a free ticket was offered to him. When pressed for a reason, he replied, "If I should go, I should see so many people who owe me for meat, that it would spoil all my fun."

When proposing to a widow the question whether her first husband is dead or divorced should be put as delicately as possible.

"Father, did Casca, who helped to kill Julius Cæsar, own a great many houses?" "No, my dear, not that I know of. What makes you think so?" "Because, father, I am reading here where it says, 'See what a *rent* the envious Casca made.'" Joy was in that father's countenance, and the mother looked delighted at the wisdom of her only child.

The new system of transmitting sound by electric telegraph enables a man to telephony a story to his friends a long distance away.

Something for Ladies' Ears only—Ear-rings.

Love's Precaution.—A fashionable young Hebrew lately presented his sweetheart with a string of pearls. As she hung them joyously around her neck, a cloud came over her brow, and she cried, "Beloved, do not pearls betoken tears?" "Nary tear," was the response; "them's imitation."

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied a Talleyrand, "away from you."

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this: no dog exchanges bones with another."

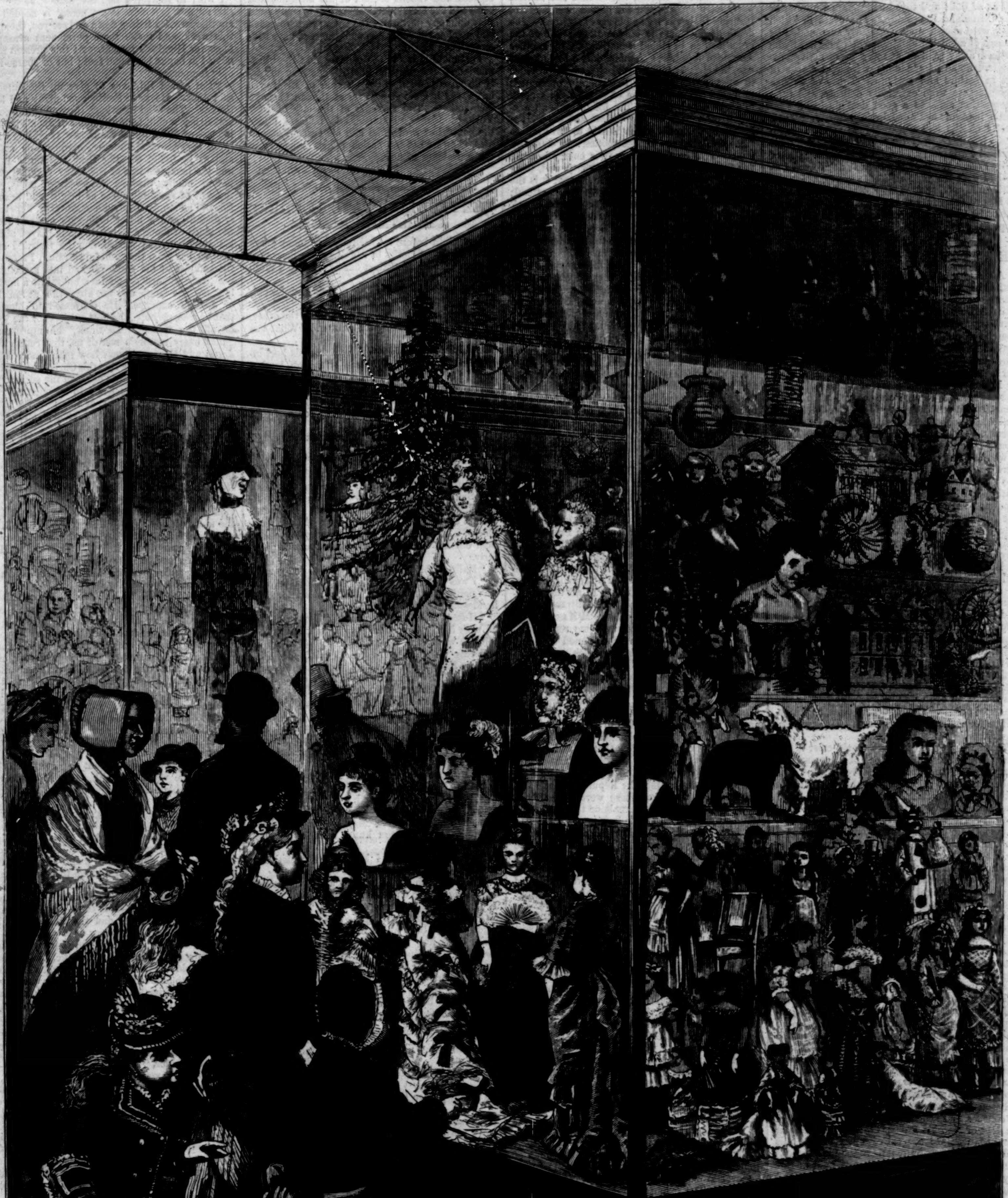
"How had you the andacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow, and no gentleman?" "Na, na, Sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my thochts to mysel'."

It was a New Jersey wife who said, "My dear, if you can't drink bad coffee without abusing me, how is it that you can drink bad whiskey without abusing the bar-keeper?"

A criminal in a Cincinnati court being asked whether he was guilty, answered: "I guess I am, judge; but I'd like to be tried, all the same."

Done.—A man who looked like a countryman was lately walking in the street with a packet in his hand, sealed and addressed, with a memorandum that it contained a thousand dollars in bank-notes. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a man, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands, and requested that he would read the address, as he was unable to do so, and had forgotten it. The reply was made, as with agreeable surprise, "Why, this letter is for me! I have been expecting it for a long while." The messenger upon this demanded a dollar for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize; but, on breaking the seal, he found nothing but a few sheets of paper, on which was written the simple word "Done!"

AN AMERICAN FARM-YARD—A FROSTY MORNING.—[DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.]



THE CHILDREN'S CORNER AT THE CENTENNIAL—EXHIBITION OF DOLLS AND TOYS.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

DOLLS AND TOYS.

ON page 9 will be found a picture in which our artist has combined the French and German exhibits of dolls and toys in the Main Building of the Centennial Exposition. The cases in which they were shown were constantly surrounded by groups of admiring children, who could hardly be enticed away to look at more "instructive" exhibits. Some of the dolls were real works of art in feature and costume. Those of French manufacture were extremely delicate, and their complexion suffered a good deal during the intense heat of a Philadelphia summer. Their pretty cheeks had a tear-stained appearance, in some instances, as if they were pining for their beloved Paris, and others quite lost the lustre of their eyes. Many of the French dolls were furnished with the most elaborate toilets, which the little ladies who became their owners could change at leisure, according to the time of day or the occasion at which the mimic lady was to make her appearance.

JESUIT INTRIGUES IN AMERICA.

A GERMAN paper, the Nuremberg *Press*, has an article on American politics that shows a clearer knowledge of our dangers than many of our own citizens are willing to obtain. From the heart of Germany we are warned of the perils that surround the progress of the Papal Church in the United States. Here, our foreign observer assures us, the ultramontane priests have a stronger hold over their people than even in Austria or in Italy. A great mass of Irish and South Germans have crossed the ocean, often unacquainted with the language of their adopted land, and wholly dependent upon the guidance of the Jesuits. Gold and power are what these ambitious pastors look for. The Catholic community is watched and controlled at every step; its members are not permitted to send their children to the public schools, but must send them to the Catholic; often they are not allowed to put their money in the savings-banks, but must lend it to the Church at a lower interest, or none at all; the Church speculates with their money, builds, buys, grows rich; its wealth increases ten times as rapidly as its membership; its people vote in a body under the direction of the priests, and the priests sell their suffrage for gifts to the Papal Church or subventions to Catholic schools. Nearly a fourth of the population of the Union, we are told, are Roman Catholics, and the wealth of the Papal Church exceeds that of any other sect. Some States already have endowed it with lands, rents, revenues; others pass laws forbidding all sectarian gifts. But our German editor sees clearly that our future political contests will be religious; that ultramontanism will never rest until it has forced an open war between the people and the papal priests. The next party cries, he thinks, will be for and against Romanism—Popery or No Popery.

That such a state of things should exist in the New World is certainly no fault of the non-sectarian or Protestant part of the people; and it is plain that in no other country has the Roman Catholic denomination been received with such general indulgence as in our own. It has been allowed perfect liberty. It builds its churches, plants its schools, extends its convents, buys land, accumulates wealth and power in a way that even the laws of France would never sanction, and which in Italy has been wholly forbidden. Here it is free as any other sect. With us all denominations are or ought to be equal before the law. The Roman Catholic is subject only to the condition of obedience to the civil power. But far from being satisfied with this extraordinary indulgence, incapable, apparently, of gratitude or even natural prudence, this foreign sect had scarcely won a strong position among us before it began that course of political interference and usurpation which seems inseparable from its peculiar constitution. Always alien in its tastes and sympathies, it founded at once an anti-national party. It began under Bishop Hughes, more than a generation ago, its attack upon the public schools; it declared its total dissatisfaction with the laws of the land, and its resolution to have them altered; it demanded privileges conferred on no other sect. As its political power increased, it began to draw money from the public treasury, and won from corrupt politicians large gifts to its colleges and schools; a considerable part of the debt of New York city is due to this peculiar extravagance; we are called upon to pay this year $500,000 to two Roman Catholic institutions alone; how much we have already paid in this way may be found in the annual budgets. And yet, as a political faction, although so richly endowed by a careless public, this unconscionable sect seems never to be satisfied until it has filled the nation with civil disorder and killed the sources of that prosperity from which alone it has so largely profited. It seems resolved to bring civil war into the land that has given it a shelter, and to repay the generosity of the republic by stimulating dissensions and urging its fanatical membership to violent deeds.

This seems in fact a most serious charge to make against any Christian sect, yet the proof is so strong, the circumstances so patent, that it is impossible not to trace the hand of the foreign priesthood in all that political excitement which is now agitating the nation. The Roman Catholic press, and its agents and adherents in the Protestant press, the editors who have been won over by gifts and flatteries, the young men who have been ensnared by the promises and the bribes of the priesthood—the whole strength of the ultramontane influence is urging on its political leaders to an active sympathy with a Southern insurrection. MR. TILDEN or MR. HENDRICKS are only the poor instruments of a religious faction that, for its own purposes and in its own unceasing way, has resolved to destroy the peace of the New World. Already in unlucky Mexico the ultramontanes have brought civil war. The latest news from that uncultivated land, where education is scarcely known, shows that the clerical party have seized upon the government, and are insuring their victory by bloody executions. The death of ESCOBEDO is only another proof of the cruel malice of blind fanaticism. In another American republic, Colombia, only a few months ago, the clerical leaders roused a whole province to insurrection, because the liberal government proposed the introduction of unsectarian schools in all its departments. The following is a translation of a part of the violent address of the bishop in Colombia which is said to have stimulated his followers to insurrection: "People, attend! This government is your enemy because you love your family, your property, and, more than all, your religion. These it abhors; it is the enemy you ought to combat. People, attend; men, reflect; mothers, meditate; priests, hear." The result of the address was that the government was obliged to send a large force into the revolted districts to put down the fanatical rebellion. Two thousand persons have fallen; the insurgents are defeated. And in our own recent election the papal leaders, pressed on by their intense hatred for free education, progress, and reform, threw themselves with unusual ardor into the contest, and carried the chief ultramontane centres for the party of reaction. The four States which the Democrats gained in the North they owed to the unbroken support of the ultramontanes. It was the diffusive influence of New York ultramontanism that subdued Connecticut and captured New Jersey; and the blindness of the unsectarian and Protestant portion of the community in those States led them to fall ready victims to the policy of the Roman priests. Shall it be ever said again that Connecticut and New Jersey are so easily controlled by the natural enemies of all republics?

So completely is the Democratic party of the North become a Roman Catholic party that its whole policy has been guided for many years by the astute, daring, yet always indiscreet ultramontanes. From their citadel of strength in New York they have nominated its Presidential candidates, supplied it with money, directed its canvass, fired its zeal, often almost roused it to insurrection and disorder. In the rebellion the ultramontane vote maintained a factious, half-insurgent minority in Congress. In all the turbulent peace meetings of the time the ultramontanes were the ruling element. Abbé M'MASTERS and CHARLES O'CONOR were the extreme representatives of a party that was condemned by many patriotic Roman Catholics, but which was secure in the favor of Rome and of the Jesuits. When the war closed, the ultramontane journals still defended the perpetuation of a form of slavery, and the final victory of reactionary principles would have closed the Southern States to education and driven them back into a new barbarism. Next they planned the election of Mr. GREELEY and a political combination that should receive its chief inspiration from the ultramontane leaders, and every Roman Catholic journal rang with gross calumnies against the Republicans and Republicanism. Some of these were believed, although uttered by the journals or the politicians who had grown rich by the bounty of TWEED and the favor of the papal Ring; the most abandoned of men were believed in preference to some of the wisest and purest. TWEED had at last been sacrificed by his papal allies, but the most bigoted of his Roman Catholic followers, who had grown rich by his bounty, have taken his place. The government of the city of New York has fallen openly into the hands of KELLY, M'CLOSKEY, and the ultramontanes. The foreign sect has grown bold and defiant, and of those who are urging on their party to deeds of violence, who are most eager to excite civil discord where there need be nothing but the natural operation of the law, who would bring European insurrection into a well-ordered State, who are eager to destroy the peace of America and check forever its tide of progress, the chief leaders are the Roman Catholic clubs, editors, agents, and politicians of the metropolis.

A few thousand uncultivated and bigoted ultramontanes in the city of New York have succeeded in producing a disputed election, and, like their Mexican co-religionists, would be glad, no doubt, to seize upon the government of the nation by armed force; and they have possibly found dupes or converts among the Democratic leaders sufficiently unscrupulous to gratify them in all their plans. But have they not reached the limit of their power? Are they not certain to meet with an overthrow so complete as shall disable them forever? The example of Mexico or Colombia shows of what they are capable. The example of their violence in our own country seems at last to have awakened the attention of our too trustful and confident people. Already the ultramontane Democracy has been defeated in eighteen out of twenty-two Northern States; and in two at least of the Democratic States, New York and Connecticut, the Legislature is controlled by the progressive party. Here in the North the Democratic leaders are shorn of their power for evil, and the foreign priests will vainly strive to foment disorder. And in the national government there has been a change almost as complete. The new House of Representatives will present an extraordinary Republican majority among the Northern members. The intelligence of the Northwest is represented by a nearly united body of the friends of progress and of education. The Democratic membership of the new House is composed of nearly all the Representatives from the States supposed to be ruled by domestic violence, and of a small band of bitter partisans from the Northern States, who owe their election to the Roman Catholic vote. Messrs. RANDALL, WOOD, HEWITT, and COX are among the obedient vassals of ultramontanism. They owe their elections to the favor of the papal prelates. And of the 4,300,000 votes cast, or said to be cast, for Mr. TILDEN, it is safe to compute 1,500,000 as controlled by the most bigoted and violent section of the ultramontane party; of the remainder, as many more come from that unhappy portion of the country where peace and good order, education and progress, have never yet been known.

Fortunate is it for the country that the ultramontane plot against its liberties has been so early disclosed, and that the election of Mr. HAYES has saved it from four years of Roman Catholic domination. The example of the city of New York, plundered, disgraced, and helpless under the control of a cardinal and his corrupt associates, shows what the nation might expect from the prevalence of ultramontane politics.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE PECULIAR FATE OF THREE CHRISTMAS RINGS.

ONE night before a Christmas not many years ago, two young clerks in a well-known insurance company stumbled against one another in a muddy street of the metropolis.

"Hallo, Jones!" said one, a stout, fair-haired, handsome fellow. "Which way?"

"Nowhere particularly, Smith," said the other, slim, black-haired, and good-looking. "What was your direction?"

"Hadn't any," said Smith, scraping his heel industriously on the curb-stone—"though, by-the-way, I *had* a little commission for one of my people in the jewelry line."

"And that reminds me," said Jones, "that I was to get an article for one of my folks of that description."

"Hum!" said Jones. "Christmas present, I suppose?"

"Ahem!—yes," said Smith, "very likely."

Then they both looked over each other's shoulders, pulled up their separate coat collars, nodded, and Smith walked on up town, while Jones pursued his way in an opposite direction. He hadn't gone a block, when he met another of his fellow-clerks. But this time his face brightened; he held out his hand and hailed his comrade jocularly.

"Hallo, Robinson, old boy! glad to see you."

"I was going to Smith's," said Robinson, who was neither light nor dark, neither stout nor slim, handsome nor ugly.

"Hum!" said Jones, scowling; "I've just parted with him. Conceited puppy, that Smith! I tell you what it is, Robinson, if he don't stop interfering with me, he'll come to grief. He's intruding his attentions where they're not appreciated, and it won't take much more of this sort of thing to make me tell him so. He told me just now he was in search of an article of jewelry for a Christmas present. Now I've no sort of doubt, Jack, it's for Miss Sophy May; and can you think of any thing much more impertinent than that? With the little encouragement he's had, it's simply monstrous."

"I suppose every man is a fool at some time in his life," said Jack.

"But, heavens and earth! Robinson, there's reason in every thing. The fellow hasn't had any show at all. Miss May has merely been courteous to him—you know what a pleasant way she has."

"Yes," said Jack, "I know," and whistled a melancholy little bar under his breath.

"And I've no doubt he'll go and spend every cent he can raise on some gaudy trinket."

"I hope not," interrupted Jack, "for I want to get up a purse for Higgins this Christmas. I ought to have been about it long ago, but I didn't really know how bad matters were in that quarter. Higgins slipped on the ice, you know, some months ago, and broke his arm and his collar-bone, and his son's sick with rheumatism; little girl there too, a hunchback. It seems wrong somehow to have so much misery in one place; and an accident, you know, might happen to you, or me, or any body."

"Confound it, Robinson!" said Jones, a genuine air of regret upon his handsome face; "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to do a good turn for Higgins. I will next month, upon my honor, but just now it's impossible. The little money I have I must use in a certain way."

"Well, good-night, then," said Jack; "I must try elsewhere." And he jumped into a car going down town.

Presently in got Smith, and hailed Jack with enthusiasm.

"Going down town?" he said, taking a seat by Jack's side.

"I was going to your house," said Jack, "but I just met Jones—"

"Humph!" snorted Smith, "an egregious ass, that Jones! I don't know a vainer idiot or a more offensive one. There's one thing very certain, Robinson—he's about gone to the length of his rope, and he'll be brought up short pretty soon. It's simply melancholy the way that fellow flatters himself. There's a certain young lady, a mutual friend of ours, Jack, the daughter of one of our officers—"

"I suppose you mean Miss May?" said Jack.

"Exactly," said Smith. "Well, now, Jones fancies because she's ordinarily polite to him—you know what a frank, genial manner she has."

"Yes, I know," said Jack, and began to whistle another melancholy refrain.

"He fancies all sorts of impertinent things, and makes a sickening spectacle of himself."

"Men will do these things," said Jack.

"But, Robinson, think of his having the audacity to purchase a Christmas present for her! for of course it was for her. I've no doubt he'll throw away a lot of money."

"I hope nobody will do that," said Jack; "it might better go to Higgins." And then Jack went on to tell the wretched condition in which the poor man was placed, and his own rather tardy effort to get up a purse for him.

Smith's handsome face kindled with sympathy. "I wish to Heaven I had the money, Jack," he said; "but just now every penny is needed in another way. I'll drop down and see you, though, this week, and make some permanent arrangement for Higgins's benefit. At this present moment I'm bound hand and foot; but of course it's only temporary."

"I'm afraid I'll have to give up the purse," said Jack. He bade Smith good-night and left the car. The wind blew keen through the streets, and struck a chill to the marrow of Jack's bones. He looked up at the sky, and saw, twinkling with great cheer and abundance, innumerable stars, and as he found the Big Bear and Little Bear and the luminous belt of the Milky Way, all glistening coldly through intervening mists, he thought of something else as bright and beautiful, and as stupendously, immeasurably, hopelessly distant, and a bitter little sigh escaped from the lungs of Jack, a sad little smile played about his good-humored mouth, and he whistled still another bar from that doleful refrain. Presently the sadness of his smile relaxed into something positively humorous, and Jack burst into a hearty laugh. The laugh was not altogether at Smith's or Jones's expense. He confessed to himself that he was, perhaps, the best subject for the joke of all the three. "To think," he murmured, "that every mother's son of us, that Smith and Jones and Heaven knows how many more, have each gone and bought a ring this Christmas, hoping to win over the dear little heart of the secretary's daughter, and wheedle her into an open expression of preference! Why, at this rate, the little woman can set up a jewelry shop;" and Jack took up his mournful whistle.

"Heigho!" he sighed. "Well, I suppose she'll turn up her lovely little nose at each and all of them;" and he went under a lamp post, and taking from his vest pocket a morocco case, drew from thence a plain little circle of gold, upon which a single pearl was modestly mounted. Jack looked at it and sighed again. "I wish I had the money it cost," he said; "it would help Higgins considerably, and buy a little trinket of some sort for poor little Belle." Then a sudden thought seemed to seize him, and he went on at a rattling pace, plunging his hands deep in the pockets of his pea-jacket.

All this while Smith had been in an establishment that always after reminded him of the Spanish Inquisition. He twisted and turned and wriggled upon the upholstered stool, and wiped away the perspiration that started to his forehead. He held between his fingers a ring, and looked upon it with a moodiness that amounted to ferocity. He appealed desperately to the clerk, who sometimes bowed, perhaps shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, or smiled pityingly. The clerk's manner was polite almost to reverence, but not at all colloquial, and his gaze seemed vaguely absorbed in something going on across the street. The whole place was as still as the grave, the people going about apparently on tiptoe, and the voice of Smith, as he haggled over that miserable diamond, sounding like a trumpet in his ears.

At last he bought the ring, knowing that it was off color—that when a certain ray of light touched it, it was decidedly yellow; but, as he said to himself, what could he do? If he had had the money, he'd have gone up to Tiffany's and ransacked the whole establishment for a stone that would have befitted a princess. But his salary was hypothecated—he liked this word so much better than a shorter-syllabled one—his salary was hypothecated for months ahead, and the ring had to be bought with borrowed money as it was.

In the mean while Jones had journeyed down town to a good friend of his in the jewelry line, and had told him frankly his desire, and what money he had to humor it. The ring was a present—to a lady—a friend—nothing more than a friend as yet—although he hoped—but that didn't matter. Jones had stammered out these bits of information, and suddenly his friend seemed seized with a fit of inspiration.

"What you want, Jones," he said, clapping him on the shoulder, "is a regard ring. R-e-g-a-r-d, regard—don't you see, Jones? R for ruby, e for emerald, g for garnet, a for agate, r for ruby again, and d for diamond—regard, don't you see, boy? That leads pleasantly up to other things."

And while Jones hesitated, the ring was inclosed in a showy little case and coaxed quietly into Jones's pocket, his business friend telling him a little business joke as they walked affectionately down the store, and waving him a jocular business farewell as he went off the step.

At about this hour the young lady who was the unconscious cause of all this bitterness of spirit was about lighting the gas in the second-story back-room, preparatory to retiring for the night. Miss Sophy did not usually occupy this bed-chamber; it was kept as a state apartment for guests. Mrs. May had faintly objected to putting their only and precious daughter in the little third-floor front-room, when this roomy and spacious apartment would be vacant half the time. But because Sophy *was* their only and precious daughter, Mr. May overruled this objection.

"I'm not going to have the child looking out upon that row of tenements at the back of the house," he said. "I never look there myself, and I don't intend that she shall. What we can't help, we'd better know nothing about."

This policy of Mr. May's was well known and respected. Even if Jack had not been deterred because of the secretary's beautiful daughter, he would never have thought of asking that gentleman to contribute to the purse for the unfortunate Higgins. Mr. May had repeatedly impressed upon the minds of his friends and acquaintances

that he would rather not know of miseries which it was out of his power to alleviate.

When Mr. May leased this house up town, the back of it was really nicer than the front, for it looked out over pretty trellises and graperies and flower plots, and little Sophy spent many an hour watching the goats browsing upon the tender green pasturage of the vacant lots beyond. The second-story back-room was the most cheerful in the house, for it held the rocking-chairs and bird-cages and flowers and sewing-machine and all the pretty accessories that betoken the familiar abiding-place of the gentler sex. Mr. May had his easy-chair by the table, and of a genial summer evening delighted in that outlook upon the western sky. But all at once an army of men began to dig in the vacant lots that held the goats and the green herbage, outside the fences of Mr. May and his neighbors, and before one could scarcely take breath to realize it, a tall row of houses reared themselves under their indignant noses—indignant, because it was an outrage to put up these tenements upon property of that kind. Double-deckers, too! Four families upon a floor! "Monstrous!" said Mr. May, and immediately interdicted Sophy from that side of the house. It might as well have been a lazaretto, as far as he was concerned himself.

Upon this Christmas-eve in question Sophy was to sleep in the guest-chamber, because two young friends of hers were already snugly stowed away in her room. Mrs. May expected some friends of her own the next day, and exhorted Sophy to creep into the big bed without disturbing its draperies or disarranging the various knickknacks in worsted and embroidery that adorned the room.

There had been no callers that evening, as invitations were out for Christmas night, and the young girls had enjoyed the big parlors all to themselves. They swept the velvet carpets with their long silken trains, their plump white fingers toyed with the piano keys; they waltzed, they sang, they gossiped with their distractingly and carefully disordered locks close together, and exchanged confidences wherein the names of Smith and Jones and even Robinson could be heard, and whiled away the hours, until Mr. May proposed a new jollity—a little supper around the corner at a fashionable restaurant. Mrs. May, of course, poor woman, was too tired to go, but Mr. May was always ready for a delight of that kind, and presently our little party were seated in the luxurious café discussing the delicacies of the season.

It was quite late when they got home again, and after seeing her friends to their room, Sophy tripped across the threshold of the guest-chamber with a match in her hand. But the gas jet was at the window-side, the shade was up, and Sophy saw through the lace curtain a confusion of lights and shadows in the myriads of windows opposite. Suddenly her eyes fell upon one big bare window, through which could be seen the whole of a big bare room, with a miserable cot in one corner, and a rickety bed in another, and an old table fronting the window, where a man sat and stared straight ahead of him into the big bare desolate night. And it seemed to Sophy that his eyes were like coals of fire, that burned and burned into the black infinite nothingness of space, and hungrily asked for the solution to some terrible mystery that was driving him mad. Little by little Sophy's straining eyes discerned upon the cot in the corner an emaciated creature, either dead or asleep. The white lids were down upon the sunken eyes, and it was perfectly still. And upon the bed in the other corner was a little misshapen figure of a child or a woman. The face was pale and shrunken, and bore a fatal resemblance to the miserable one upon the cot. All these figures were motionless, the one upon the bed, the one upon the cot, and the man by the table.

It was a relief to Sophy when suddenly the man moved. He glanced furtively from one side to the other, from the cot to the bed, from one pale emaciated face to the other, and his left hand began to grope in the old table drawer. Sophy could see that his right hand was helpless, splintered up out of the way; but this left hand that groped in the drawer somehow made Sophy's blood run cold. She couldn't tell why, but it seemed to her that there was something sinister about it, and the temporary relief she had found in the first movement of the man was now absorbed in the fear that he was going to do something dreadful. When that left hand lifted something out of the drawer that shone sharply through the grimy window-pane, Sophy felt, she hoped, that it was all a terrible nightmare brought on by that little supper around the corner, and it was of no use to try to scream; but she gasped out, "Papa! papa!" And Mr. May, who had crept about the second-story front-room on tiptoe, that he might not arouse Mrs. May, and had put on his dressing-gown, and lighted a cigar, and adjusted the shade over the gas so that it shielded the closed eyes of his wife, but reflected brightly upon his evening paper—Mr. May had just put his slippered feet on the top of a chair, and commenced an article on the financial outlook, when he heard that shrill, terrified call of his precious only daughter.

In two seconds he was there by her side, looking out of the second-story back-room window into that gloomy, terrible room beyond.

"Why, good God!" said Mr. May, dropping his cigar, "it's Higgins! I didn't dream he had got to this; why—why—"

"Papa! papa!" cried Sophy, putting her hands over her eyes, "he's going to—to—"

"To shave himself, Sophy," broke in Mr. May. "Lots of people do at this time of the night; it's quite a common thing. Here, help me get off this infernal sleeve, Sophy. I'll go around there at once;" and Mr. May began to tear off his dressing-gown.

"Quick! quick, papa! you'll be too late. Oh, thank God, somebody has come in over there! He's saved, papa, thank God!"

And Mr. May, with his dressing-gown hanging to his left arm, turned to the window again. "Why, God bless my soul!" he cried, "that's Robinson—Jack Robinson! You know Robinson, Sophy?"

"Yes, papa," said Sophy; and a faint color crept into her pallid cheek, which deepened and glowed as she watched Jack walk over to the wretched man and fling his arm about his shoulder, and take that wicked left hand of his in a genial grasp, and then walk over to the bed, and lift that poor little body in his strong arms, and bring it to the knees of Higgins, and then sit close down by them both, and take something out of his vest pocket. Mr. May thought it was money, of course.

"Reckless young scalawag!" said Mr. May; but in the secretary's face could be read bright things for Jack. Sophy thought it was money too; but it wasn't. They could plainly see him take something out of a little case and hold it up before the light, and, stretching across Higgins, catch the little thin hand of his daughter, and put upon one of the long slim fingers a ring.

Then Higgins bent his head, and sobbed over that little hand all his wrath and bitterness away. And Jack's head also bent before that shower of penitential tears. Mr. May choked and blew his nose, notwithstanding his desire not to arouse Mrs. May; and as for Sophy, she neither wept nor bent her head, but as she looked over there at Jack, a tender look of resolve deepened in her face, and as it was the only thing it wanted to make it entirely beautiful, it was a thousand pities it should be half hidden upon the dressing-gown that still clung to Mr. May's left shoulder.

"He's given that poor little dear a ring, papa. Wasn't that sweet and beautiful?"

"But, Sophy, the absurdity of it—a ring, when they want bread! They want bread, and Jack gives them a stone. Think of it!"

"No matter, papa. They'll have bread, all they want. You'll give them bread, papa, right away. But it's only Jack that could ever have thought of such a sweet, beautiful thing as giving that poor little dear a ring."

The next evening every blind at the back of Mr. May's house was secured and closed in such a way that no possible view could be obtained of that row of back tenements.

To do Mr. May justice, he had made a tour of the place on Christmas morning with Jack, and saw that none of the inmates were without the present necessities of life. As for any permanent relief, that was out of the question, of course, but Higgins was well provided for. Mr. May and Jack rapped up some Israelites who had no especial aversion to selling goods on that day, and managed to get a carpet for Higgins's floor, provisions for his closet, and blankets for his beds. Jack didn't get through tacking down the carpet and putting up the shades till late in the evening. Then he took a bite of cold turkey and a cup of tea with Higgins and little Belle, read the Christmas Carol to the rheumatic boy in his very best style, and went home to dress for Sophy's Christmas party.

As he put on his Piccadilly collar with his nose close to the looking-glass, Jack couldn't but own that as far as manly beauty went, Smith and Jones distanced him completely—also for style. The Piccadilly would add a new grace to Jones, or give a delicate finish to the toilet of Smith; but as for Jack, his neck was too short and his head too round to invest a collar with any conceivable charm. He sighed, and began to whistle a melancholy refrain, and as he went out into the wintry night, he thought to himself,

"Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

But he did care, nevertheless. And when he got to the house of the secretary, and found his beautiful daughter floating about, a bewildering angel in a cloud of tulle, with her hair more distractingly fluffy than he had ever seen it before, with her eyes glistening and beaming and brimming over with that kindly, genial expression to which Jones and Smith had so feelingly alluded; and when she glided up to him and put her hand on his arm, and whispered that she wanted him to steal down with her to the front basement and see the tables; and when on the stairs she had lingered a step or two above him, and, resting her little kid-gloved hands on his shoulders, putting her soft cheek to his, had whispered in his ear, "Where's my Christmas ring that you promised me?" Jack felt his head spinning round. It was a mercy he didn't tumble down on poor Mrs. May in the corridor below.

And Jack says he don't know how it was—his heart beat so that he thought it would burst the buttons off his new vest, and the Piccadilly collar might as well have been a halter about his neck—but that he turned to the dear little woman and told her that he worshiped the ground she trod upon, as she very well knew; that he loved her with his whole heart and soul; but as for bringing up the rear-guard of an army of fellows with rings, he couldn't do it. Smith and Jones, and Heaven knows how many more, had gems in their pockets for her; but as for him—

"As for you," said Miss May, in her low, musical voice, "you gave my ring to somebody else. I saw you. I was looking out the second-story back-room window, and saw you come in and save the life of that poor man, and give such a delicate, sweet pleasure to the poor little girl, and make them all so happy; and oh, Jack, I—I want you to be happy too. I love you, Jack."

And by that time Jack said they had got to the front-basement door. But he never saw such tables; they were tipping about all over the room—meats, confectioneries, and all—and the floor went up to meet the ceiling, and the ceiling went down to meet the floor, and his eyes were so blurred with happy tears that he couldn't see straight for half the night; and later on he thought it would help him to realize it all if he went out and told the cold wintry night that he had been mistaken when he sang that little song; and there he found Smith leaning moodily up against the window-shutter on the front balcony.

The full, happy heart of Jack went out to Smith. "What's up, Smith, old fellow?" he said.

"Why, the fact is, Jack," said Smith, "if there's bloodshed between me and Jones, you'll know whose fault it is. Through some despicable chicanery of his, he's got the better of me with Miss May. She refused a Christmas present from me a little while ago—a ring, in fact—and told me that she had decided upon an individual preference which would preclude the possibility of accepting any presents this year. Of course it's that scoundrel Jones. Now I wouldn't care, Robinson, if she had chosen an honest fellow that would make her happy; but to pick out a fellow so wretchedly inferior!"

"Women will do these things," said Jack; "the most perfect of God's creatures will stoop to the most insignificant. But it isn't Jones—it's me!"

"What!" roared Smith.

"Yes," pursued Jack. "I'm as much surprised as any body. I've worshiped her this many a day, but I never hoped she would care for me. It was all brought about by Higgins."

And then Jack went on to tell of the whole circumstance of the night before, of his timely visit to Higgins, and Miss May's presence at the back-room window.

"Her dear little heart was melted," said Jack.

"And so is mine," said Smith. "I wish to Heaven this ring could be melted too. See here, Jack, take the cursed thing and raffle it off for Higgins, will you? You're a good fellow, Jack, and deserve to be happy. Can't I go and have a dance with Miss May, and tell her so?"

"Certainly," said Jack, and as he lingered in the corridor to see Sophy through the quadrille, he found that Jones was also watching her moodily from under the stairway.

"I suppose you know," said Jones, emerging from his lurking-place, and furiously bearing down upon Jack—"I suppose you know that Miss May has decided to trust her future to that villain she is dancing with?"

"No," said Jack.

"Oh yes," said Jones; "it's a settled thing. She told me so in as many words when I offered her a little Christmas token to-night. I didn't mind her refusing the ring; but to tell me that it was because of a preference she had decided upon that would hinder her from accepting any presents, it was too much, Robinson; it savored of Smith too strongly. He's got to answer to me for this trickery. To think of her choosing such a shallow, vain, miserable peacock! If it had been an honest, straightforward fellow like you, Robinson—"

"Thank you, Jones," said Jack, "that's the very one she has chosen—it's me, Jones! It was all brought about by an impulse of generosity on her part," said Jack; and then he went on to tell Jones all about it.

"Good heavens, Robinson!" said Jones, "something must be settled upon for Higgins till he gets strong."

"That's what Smith says," said Jack; "he's just given me a ring to raffle for him."

"Here's another," said Jones, taking out the gaudy case; "take charge of it, Jack, will you?"

"With pleasure," said Jack.

And when all of them met at Sophy's wedding in the ensuing spring, Higgins, who had a position in the company, wanted to make some arrangements to pay back the money for the rings.

"No, no," said Smith; "I was sick of my ring, anyhow."

"As for mine," said Jones, "I never was so glad to get rid of any thing in my life."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1877.

Saturday,	6.	—Epiphany.
Sunday,	7.	—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	14.	—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	21.	—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Thursday,	25.	—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	28.	—Septuagesima Sunday.

In briefly reviewing the events of the year in the religious world, the continuance of the interest excited in the minds of the people of this country by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY and other evangelists can hardly escape the attention of the annalist. The year opened in this city with preparations for Mr. MOODY's meetings in the Hippodrome. These began on February 7 with an attendance of 8000 persons, and continued, with a great concourse of spectators and hearers, until April 9. In the closing weeks of December Mr. MOODY finished a similar series of services in Chicago, which were begun on the 1st of October. Whatever explanations may be given of the phenomenon, the facts will remain as among the most marked of the American ecclesiastical year. The great Church Assemblies which met in May were made memorable by the establishment of satisfactory bases of fraternity between fellow-Christians of the North and the South. The fraternal delegates of the Southern Methodist Church were cordially received by the Methodist Episcopal General Conference. A commission to settle controverted questions was appointed, which met in August with a like commission from the South. A complete settlement was effected. The Northern and Southern Presbyterian General Assemblies, sitting simultaneously, the one in Brooklyn and the other in Savannah, exchanged fraternal messages, and finally agreed upon resolutions of amity. The Southern Baptist Convention, which assembled in Richmond, received with all honor distinguished representatives from the Baptist churches of the Northern States.

In England, the defeat of the Burials Bill (intended to open the parish church-yards to Non-conformist services) and the passage of Lord SANDON'S Compulsory Education Bill have been followed by the active rivalry of the Churchmen and Non-conformists to obtain control of the school boards. Every educational advance in England becomes a part of the struggle between conformity and dissent. In France, although the pilgrimages to shrines have continued, there are many signs of an abatement of the Catholic revival which followed the war of 1870. The present radical Assembly voted to take away from the free universities the power of granting academical degrees, but was balanced by the vote of the Senate on the opposite side. The dispersion of the Prussian Catholic bishops by flight or banishment has continued. Eight sees of the twelve are now vacant, and there is no evidence that the people do not continue to side with the state. The German Old Catholic Congress held its annual Synod, and reported considerable progress. The "Christian Catholic Church" of Switzerland completed its organization by the consecration of Bishop HERZOG. In Italy the Church and the state have maintained their former hostile attitude toward each other. The present ministry is more radical than its predecessor, and will no doubt proceed with the sequestration of church property. Pope PIUS completed in June the thirtieth year of his pontificate, and in November took part in a public religious service, held in St. Peter's, for the first time since the Italian occupation of Rome.

The year has been one of trial for the missionary societies and boards of the United States. The trials have, however, been courageously met, and, from present appearances, will within reasonable time be overcome. The establishment of Christian missions on Lake Nyassa promises to give a great impulse to the civilization of Africa. In this country new confidence has been inspired in the possibility of Christianizing the Indians, and bringing them to adopt the orderly habits of civilized life.

Among the persons widely known in the ecclesiastical world who have died during the year may be named DR. STEARNS, president of Amherst College; DR. BUSHNELL; Bishop CUMMINS, of the Reformed Episcopal Church; Bishop JANES, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. J. P. DURBIN, long the Methodist Episcopal missionary secretary; Mrs. LUCY G. THURSTON, one of the original missionaries to the Sandwich Islands; Dr. CALHOUN, long missionary in Syria; Cardinal ANTONELLI, the Pope's Secretary of State; and Cardinal PATRIZI, the dean of the College of Cardinals.

As an illustration of the straits to which even capable ministers are reduced by the exigencies of the times, *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, tells the following almost incredible story: "One of the mature members of the New England Conference, with a family, an able preacher, and a good pastor, who has filled an average line of appointments, has thus far this year received from the station where he labors the sum of sixty dollars; and another, one of the finest, clearest, most incisive and philosophical minds in the Church, will obtain, when his full salary is paid, the sum of two hundred dollars for the year's work. The *Herald* adds, very appositely, "Average human nature is too weak in these days to bear gracefully and sweetly these severe strains, not so much upon faith as upon physical endurance."

The Domestic Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions have issued "a statement of facts," in which they announce that "they have been forced to postpone all appropriations for 1877 until the mind and will of the Church can be known." Their indebtedness September 30 was $23,000; on the 1st of October they were obliged to provide $20,000 more for the quarterly stipends of nine missionary bishops and more than two hundred other missionaries. On the 1st of January next they will need $20,000 more. They call loudly for help.

The Pope's old associates fall on every side. The death of Cardinal ANTONELLI has been soon followed by that of Cardinal PATRIZI, the dean of the "Sacred College." Like the Pope, PATRIZI was an octogenarian.

Considering that the lectures of Mr. COOK to Boston audiences, on science and religion, are delivered on Monday mornings, and that these audiences are composed almost wholly of men, the number in attendance is extraordinary. From noon to one o'clock Tremont Temple is crowded with 2000 persons, representing the liberal professions and educated classes of the city. Mr. COOK is distinguished not so much by his originality as by his forcible manner. He has the courage of his opinions, and strikes hard blows.

The week of prayer, which opens January 7, will be observed in New York by a union meeting in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church each afternoon. The Sunday sermons for January 7 are recommended in the programme to be on Christian Fellowship, and those of January 14 on Christian Unity.

In connection with Secretary CHANDLER's clear outline of Indian policy, namely, to abolish the tribal relation, and teach the Indian, as a citizen, to take care of himself, may be noted the fact that the red man is coming forward to maintain his own cause. Recently the Rev. JOHN JUMPER, a Seminole chief, appeared before a Pittsburg audience and made a very effective plea for his people. Mr. JUMPER was taken from Florida to the Indian Territory in his fifteenth year, and has been for eleven years a minister. Major INGALLS, who accompanied this Seminole, stated that there are in the Indian Territory from 70,000 to 80,000 Indians, of whom 55,000 are embraced in five tribes, and 15,000 are called wild Indians. The 55,000 support themselves by agriculture; their government allowance is expended for school-houses and the maintenance of local administration. Eleven thousand are communicants in the churches. One of the best facts reported of the Christian Indians of the Territory is that they are sending native preachers among the Sioux and Arapahoes.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

HOMER TO CLIO. "Such creatures as THERSITES live and have lived. So you see my poems are based on actual facts, and I am not so blind as you think."

FALL SPORTING.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE eastern wing now being added to Gore Hall, Harvard College, has made good progress during the past season, and the work will continue during the winter. The entire extension of this east wing is about ninety feet, making the main room in this part of the building thirty-four by seventy-nine feet, and it will have a capacity for about 150,000 volumes. The entire width of the main part of the wing is about thirty-five feet, the ground-floor on the north side being, in addition, extended about twenty feet, and running the length of the wing. It is expected that the building will be ready for use next summer.

A young lady, inquiring for an Independence-Bell for a paper-weight, looked at one with a dissatisfied air, and said, "Show me others; this seems to have an *imperfection*." Which was cracked most, the bell or belle?

A boy in Manchester, England, was killed the other day by a bullet which dropped down from the air, having been fired up by some careless militia-man from a Snider rifle. It may not be generally known that a bullet on its descent has the same velocity on reaching the earth that it had on its ascent, and is, of course, equally destructive to life.

If the recent accounts in regard to the Indian cyclone are correct, the disaster deserves to be ranked among the greatest calamities of human history. Except, perhaps, the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, nothing within the Christian era can compare with it. Three large islands and numerous small ones, also some five or six miles of the main-land, were entirely submerged. The loss of life was not less than 215,000, and probably much more.

The French consul at Shanghai writes to his government that the silk crop this year in the northern districts of China has been much below the average, owing to the early cold. In the southern provinces the crop has always been comparatively small. Silk has greatly risen in price in China on account of the rise in Europe.

The ex-Empress Eugénie and her son are spending the winter at a villa in the suburbs of Florence. They have been received in Italy with great courtesy and hospitality, for the Italians do not forget the service Napoleon III. did them. Napoleon's widow dresses entirely in black, with elegance, of course, for she can not avoid showing her taste, but without display. The young prince also dresses and deports himself with severe simplicity.

During one of the recent high tides an enormous quantity of eels, which had grown in the waters of Flax Ponds, located in Old Fields, Long Island, attempted to escape from the ponds by crossing into the Sound; but the tide suddenly receded, and they were left in a small excavation when about midway. The people of the neighborhood gathered at the place with baskets, wheelbarrows, farm wagons, and other receptacles, and secured the slippery spoils in immense numbers.

In Paris there are contractors who pay the city $20,000 per annum for the privilege of keeping the streets clean. The work is done under the supervision of the municipal authorities, and the contractors are reimbursed by the sale of the mud and dust, which, when manufactured into fertilizers, is said to yield $600,000 annually.

Lovers of art will be glad to learn that the forty thousand dollars required to warrant the purchase of the Cesnola Collection for the Metropolitan Museum have been secured. Twenty thousand more are required, and it is proposed to raise this by further subscriptions and the sale of duplicates from the present collection. A portion of the objects purchased is already in New York, and the Kurium Collection, now in General Di Cesnola's possession in London, will, it is understood, be immediately sent there, and the whole, as far as the space in the present building permits, placed upon exhibition in the museum in Fourteenth Street.

A London paper gives the following singular case reported in a hospital, which may serve as a caution to early risers. A man, whose occupation was that of a cab washer, had completely lost the use of his upper extremities, while his voice was reduced to the merest whisper. On being questioned, he stated that as he usually finished his work just as the public-houses opened, he always had the very first glass of beer or gin that was served in the morning—that is to say, the liquor which had remained all night in the draw-pipe in contact with the lead. His gums showed the well-known blue line indicative of lead poisoning, and other confirmatory symptoms existed. Some of the gin which he drank every morning having been tested, positive traces of lead were found.

The ingenuity of the French Post-office employés in deciphering addresses and in hunting up the persons to whom letters are sent misdirected is beyond all praise. Persons have posted letters in Paris addressed in Russian, Greek, or Turkish characters, and they never in a single instance failed to reach their address a few hours later than would have been the case had the direction been written in good readable French. In most instances the letters had been taken to the Russian, Greek, or Turkish embassy, as the case might be, for the purpose of having the addresses translated.

It is marvelous to what degree of fineness platinum wire can be drawn. It has been made for the object-glasses of telescopes by inserting the wire in a cylinder of silver, wire-drawing the whole, and then melting the silver coating. Some has been procured only the eighteen-thousandth of an inch in diameter. It is calculated that a piece of platinum the size of the tip of a man's finger could be drawn out across Europe.

A movement has been made among Philadelphia merchants to organize a line of steam-ships between Philadelphia and Brazil. It is believed that such a line would have a most favorable influence upon the coffee and sugar trade of the "Quaker City," and that a good market could be found in Brazil for anthracite coal, and various exports of manufactures and machinery produced in Pennsylvania.

The supply of crude petroleum is by no means exhausted, and yet there has recently been an extraordinary rise in the price of kerosene. For a long time the price was very low, in consequence of overproduction—in fact, it scarcely paid to send it to market, and work in the oil wells was stopped in many cases. But kerosene has been extensively substituted for gas, and there is also a large foreign demand for the article, so that it is probable that renewed attacks will soon be made in the oil regions.

Germany has an extensive iron business within its boundaries. In 1874 there were in operation in the empire 324 blast-furnaces, each of which worked on the average eight months and twenty days out of the year. The quantity of iron ore used amounted to 4,342,184 tons, of which 4,130,090 tons were produced in Germany itself. The total quantity of pig-iron and cast iron of the first quality produced was 1,660,208 tons. The average working population employed in the trade was 22,765, of which number 853 were women.

Medical investigations lead to the conclusion that many headaches are due indirectly to disorders of the eye. In many instances the brain symptom is almost the sole indication of the eye trouble. There may be no pain or sense of fatigue in the eye, but frontal headache. Long-continued trouble of the eyes may also be the unsuspected cause of insomnia, vertigo, nausea, and general failure of health.

Advertisements for auction sales in Philadelphia papers read after the following style: "10,000 bedsteads for sale, and 20,000 yards of carpeting."

A cane, elaborately carved, the only tool being a jackknife, has been presented to Governor Hayes. Judging from the description, it must be a marvel of a curiosity. It is made of American box-wood, the handle is the root of the tree, and the size is that of an ordinary walking-cane. On one side of the handle is a Newfoundland dog lying down with a little girl on his back; on the other side is a tiger in the act of jumping over a child; on the end is carved, "Centennial, 1776-1876;" below is the face of R. B. Hayes (cut from a photograph, and said to be a very good likeness); below this the United States coat of arms, under which are the words, "Rutherford B. Hayes, Governor of Ohio, born October 4, 1822." On the opposite side is an anchor of hope; then comes this passage, "Temperance is a bridle of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man." Below this follows a passage from Matthew, x. 16, the animals themselves taking the place of the words in parentheses: "Behold, I send you forth as (sheep) in the midst of (wolves): be ye therefore wise as (serpents) and harmless as (doves)." Then comes a passage from Matthew, viii. 20, similarly constructed: "(Foxes) have (holes), and the (birds) of the air have (nests); but the (Son) of (man) hath not where to lay his (head)." Encircling the cane below the centre a sentiment reads, "The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation." Under the heads of "mythology," near the bottom, is Pegasus, or the flying horse; Nereid, the daughter of Neptune; Sphinx, a woman's face and breasts, eagle's wings, and lion's body; and, lastly, a sea-horse.

WATCH-MAKING IN AMERICA.

A FOREIGNER'S TESTIMONY.

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE AMPHITHEATRE OF THE PRIMARY COLLEGE OF LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS, TUESDAY, THE 14TH OF NOVEMBER, BY M. EDOUARD FAVRE-PERRET, MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL JURY ON WATCHES OF THE EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA, AND ONE OF THE SWISS COMMISSIONERS TO THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. ARNOLD GROSJEAN, President of the Board of Commerce, announced that M. EDOUARD FAVRE-PERRET, member of the International Jury on Watches of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, had kindly consented to repeat, at La Chaux-de-Fonds, the speech already delivered by him at Locle and Neuchâtel, on the situation of the Industry of Watch-making in the United States.

The Board of Commerce would have liked to be able to present the public some specimens of American watch-making, but this was not possible. In a few days from now a selection of twelve American watches will be placed in the Horological School, where every body may examine them.

Mr. GROSJEAN then added that after the lecture the orator would kindly answer any question that might be put to him.

THE ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN: I must, to start with, announce to you that you have not an orator before you, but a manufacturer, and as such I ask your indulgence. I shall give you information, which, unluckily, is not cheerful, on the condition of Swiss watch-making compared with the American competition. I shall tell you of facts simply, such as I have seen them, such as I have understood them. Frankness is here more necessary than any thing else, for it is not by palliating the bad sides of a difficult situation that we can succeed in improving it.

It is evident, gentlemen, that I do not present you with an entire report of my observations at the Exhibition at Philadelphia. These will find space in my report which I shall address to the Federal Council. I shall confine myself to speaking about American Watch-making, and in comparing it with our own and that of our neighbors. I shall speak to you more about figures than about any thing else. Figures, you know, have their own eloquence. For a long time we have heard here of an American competition without believing it. The skeptics—and there were many of them—denied the possibility of a competition at once so rapid and so important. To-day we are forced to believe the proofs of it, and to acknowledge the existence of a formidable manufacture. We have had the proofs of it under our own eyes; we have seen the American factories, and we have been able to satisfy ourselves exactly as to their power. We have treated the American manufacture as we have treated the neighboring manufactures, in the future of which we did not wish to believe at first, and which form to-day a most serious competition. I refer to Besançon, Bienne, St. Imier, Morat, and Schaffhausen. We must take these examples into consideration, and spare no efforts to keep and maintain ourselves on the level of our competitors, and we must not allow ourselves to be overtaken by them, as has been the case in past years. Before passing to the watch-making of the United States, let us examine some of the figures of the manufacture of Besançon, which every body knows dates back to the end of the last century. It was founded by a colony of Neuchâtelois:

In 1845 Besançon turned out.....	54,000	watches.
In 1855 " " "	192,000	"
In 1865 " " "	296,000	"
In 1875 " " "	420,000	"

To-day Besançon supplies the great market of France, and she prepares to contest with us the other European markets.

Well, gentlemen, we are on the same road as regards the United States. For a long time America has been the principal market for our watches, our milk-cow, so to speak. To-day we must earnestly prepare to struggle with the Americans on the fields where hitherto we have been the masters. Some of you have known Mr. DENNISON, who was, we may say, the father of American watch-making. Mr. DENNISON traveled through the Canton of Neuchâtel, studying our mode of manufacturing, seeking to inform himself of every thing, and carefully noting the weak parts in our industry. After his return to the United States he founded a factory at Boston, "The Boston Watch Company." This was in 1854. The capital—scarcely $100,000—was subscribed by capitalists more than by practical business men. In the beginning the company turned out only the rough skeleton movement, and attended to the finishing; all other parts, such as trains, balances, jewels, etc., etc., were imported from Switzerland. Little by little, however, the factory extended its operations, and produced other parts. Notwithstanding all this progress, this mode of doing things not suiting the American character, so little inclined to let capital remain almost unproductive, the capitalists abandoned the factory, and it failed in 1856.

Another American, Mr. ROBBINS, whom you have also known, gentlemen, when he had business relations with us, scented a good speculation, and bought in the entire factory, tools included, for $75,000. A new company, "The American Watch Company," was afterward formed, with a capital of $200,000. Soon this capital became insufficient, and it was increased to $300,000 before the War of Secession. This war, which seemed calculated to destroy such an enterprise, was, on the contrary, the cause of its prosperity. America put on foot a million of soldiers, and as every one wanted his watch, there was great animation in the watch business. At this juncture, which might have been a lucky one for our industry, we failed to comprehend our real interests. Instead of sending good watches to the Americans, the worst trash was sent. Had mere skeleton movements been sent in cases, they would have been thought good enough! The Americans, however, went to work on an entirely different plan. The company increased their plant, and turned out a better ordinary watch than the Swiss watch. At the end of several years, and with the aid of patriotism, the American watch enjoyed a good reputation, while our own was discredited every where. In 1865 the capital was increased to $750,000, and the operations of the new company grew to immense proportions. During the following years business went on so well that every where new watch factories sprung up. Every one wanted to make watches. To-day you can count about eleven factories. The most important after the Waltham Company is the one at Elgin, which turns out about 300 movements a day. The Waltham Company give employment to 900 workmen, and make about 425 movements per day. The company again increased their capital in 1872; it amounts to-day to $1,500,000, besides $300,000 as reserve fund, or a capital of 9,000,000 francs. This watch factory is a real power; there is none like it in Europe. We have seen it in all its details, and we have admired its splendid organization. Last May, on the eve of the Exhibition, we still seemed masters of the situation. One event, however, dealt us a mortal blow. Be it through the effect of the crisis, or from any other motive, the Elgin Company made, all of a sudden, a reduction on the price of their movements of 40 per cent. to 50 per cent., so that all stocks of Swiss watches were seriously affected. Lever movements, with visible pallets, were sold at 19 francs. How can we meet this? Under such circumstances, how can we maintain competition? It will be necessary to turn out our movements at 13 or 14 francs to pay the custom duties and to leave a little margin of profit. The Waltham Company, however, would not be outdone by the Elgin Company; they even proposed to do better. They announced a reduction of price from 40 to 50 per cent. on prices already lower than their rivals', but at the same time they made known that this reduction would go back as far as Jan. 1, 1876. So that a dealer in watches had simply to indicate the stock of his Waltham goods on hand to secure the rebate of 40 or 50 per cent. This *coupe de commerce* has cost the company $40,000.

It is unnecessary, gentlemen, to tell you how very detrimental this was to the Swiss watch. Still another and more important reason explains the growing prosperity of the American Company. Their tools work so regularly that all parts of the watch may be interchanged, by a simple order on a postal card, without necessitating the forwarding of the adjoining piece. The question has often been asked whether the Americans can sufficiently supply the demands of their markets. Yes, they can. We are driven out of the American market! I herein exclude, however, complicated watches, in which we are now, and I hope we shall always remain, masters.

In 1860 the American Company produced only 15,000 watches; in 1863, 100,000. To-day they produce 250,000, and this figure can be easily doubled in case the crisis, which so severely prevails there as well as here, should come to an end. For we must not forget that, if several factories have been closed during the crisis, the tools as well as the workmen are still there, all ready to resume work again. Nor must we leave out of sight the exorbitant custom duties and freight, which amount to about 25 or 30 per cent., which take away from us every possibility of being able to stand the fight. And now that we know the figures of production in the United States, we can easily, with the aid of official reports, give an account of what is that country's consumption of watches. We have sent to the United States:

In 1864..............................	169,000	watches.
In 1865..............................	226,000	"
In 1866..............................	262,000	"
In 1867..............................	207,000	"
In 1868..............................	209,000	"
In 1869..............................	206,000	"
In 1870..............................	330,000	"
In 1871..............................	342,000	"
In 1872..............................	366,000	"
In 1873..............................	204,000	"
In 1874..............................	187,000	"
In 1875..............................	134,000	"

In 1876 we shall barely send there 75,000 watches; or, since 1872, a deficit of 300,000 watches. What a loss for Switzerland, and particularly for Neuchâtel! For this deficit concerns principally our Canton, and it is very easy to convince one's self of the fact. In 1875 Chaux-de-Fonds turned out 106,000 watches or movements. In preceding years she turned out double that amount. The deficit therefore amounts, for La Chaux-de-Fonds alone, to 4,000,000 francs; for Locle, Neuchâtel, etc., it reaches the same figure in proportion.

We have stated that the shipment of our goods has largely decreased. Shall we attribute its cause to the crisis? Certainly in many respects we may do so; it can not be denied. But the American competition contributes still more largely to it.

The Americans have already commenced to send their manufacture to Europe. In England they sell annually from 20,000 to 30,000 watches. The American watch commences to drive from the English market the Swiss and even the English watch. The Americans commenced by creating a demand for their goods in the Indies and in Australia; and then—thanks to some powerful exporting houses—they invaded England. At Moscow and St. Petersburg they have already established important branch offices. They do not keep it secret, but loudly advertise it; their aim is to drive us first out of their own country, and then to compete with us on our own soil, if our sluggishness and our blind confidence leave the field free to them. I sincerely confess that I personally have doubted that competition. But now I have seen—I have felt it—and I am terrified by the danger to which our industry is exposed. Besides, I am not the only one to think so; the "Société Intercantonale" have sent a delegate to make inquiries, and his report perfectly agrees with mine. Up to this very day we have believed America to be dependent upon Europe. We have been mistaken. The Americans will send us their products since we can not send them our own. Their importation is not confined to watches alone. Other European trades are threatened like ours. Already America has commenced to send cotton goods to England, which hitherto monopolized that article in all the markets of the world. In 1840 the American Government compiled the statistics of the products of their manufactures. They amounted to $198,000,000; in 1850 to 1 milliard; in 1860 to $1,885,000,000, and in 1870 to $4,200,000,000. Not all of these products are being sold in the interior of the United States; a good share of them are exported. Nevertheless, from June 30, 1874, to June 30, 1875, the imports were larger than the exports. We ask ourselves whether the Americans can maintain their prices? I answer, yes they can; for if they obtain a good profit on their superior quality goods, they can afford to be satisfied with a smaller profit on the lower grades of watches. In America every thing is made by machinery; here we make every thing by hand. We count in Switzerland about 40,000 workmen, making on an average each per annum 40 watches. In the United States the average is 150 watches. Therefore the machine produces three and a half to four times more than the workman. It remains for us to solve the situation. But how can we get out of the corner into which we have been driven? To-day, even without machines, we can not dispose of the 1,600,000 watches which our people can manufacture. How will it be if we establish machines which will thrice increase our production? We must either diminish the number of our hands and make machines, or else cling to our system and be resigned to see our industry decline.

Gentlemen, I do not pretend to point out the remedy. I simply call your attention to the evil—that is all. It remains for you to find the cure. However, I believe that it will be good to do for our mechanicians what we have done for our watch-makers; that is, to create schools. You must not despair; you must not desert the field; we must, on the contrary, organize for resistance, and to reconquer the lost ground. If America closes her gates to us by custom duties and exorbitant freights, we are at least left the resource of energetically fighting against her in European markets.

[Here the orator gave an extract from the report of M. HIRSCH (director of the Observatory) to the Council of State, after the Exhibition of 1867. This report already signaled the danger confronting our industry. Resuming he said:]

Had the Philadelphia Exhibition taken place

five years later, we should have been totally annihilated without knowing whence or how we received the terrible blow. We have believed ourselves masters of the situation, when we really have been on a volcano. And to-day we must actually struggle if we do not want to encounter in all the markets that rival manufacture. Did we not sneer at Besançon at the outset? And now Besançon suffices for France, and, besides, she exports her surplus of manufacture. We ask ourselves if, in reducing the prices of watches, we can increase their sale in the same proportion? And if the sales do not increase, what will become of us? We shall have an enormous stock of goods and a permanent stagnation. The custom duties, you know, amount to 25 per cent. For a long time hopes have been entertained that they might be reduced. We can not count on it. America needs all her resources, especially in the present situation; and, whether Democrats or Republicans be in power, we can not hope for a reduction in import duties. We must therefore make up our minds to lose the American market!

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This watch, gentlemen, I repeat to you, I took at hazard—out of a heap, as we say. You understand from this example that the American watch may be preferred to the Swiss. I have finished, gentlemen, and I have told you of things such as I have seen them. It remains for us to profit from this sad experience, and to improve our manufacture. Competent men are not wanting among us; they must go to work at once.

A round of applause followed the speaker as he descended the tribune.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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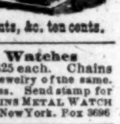

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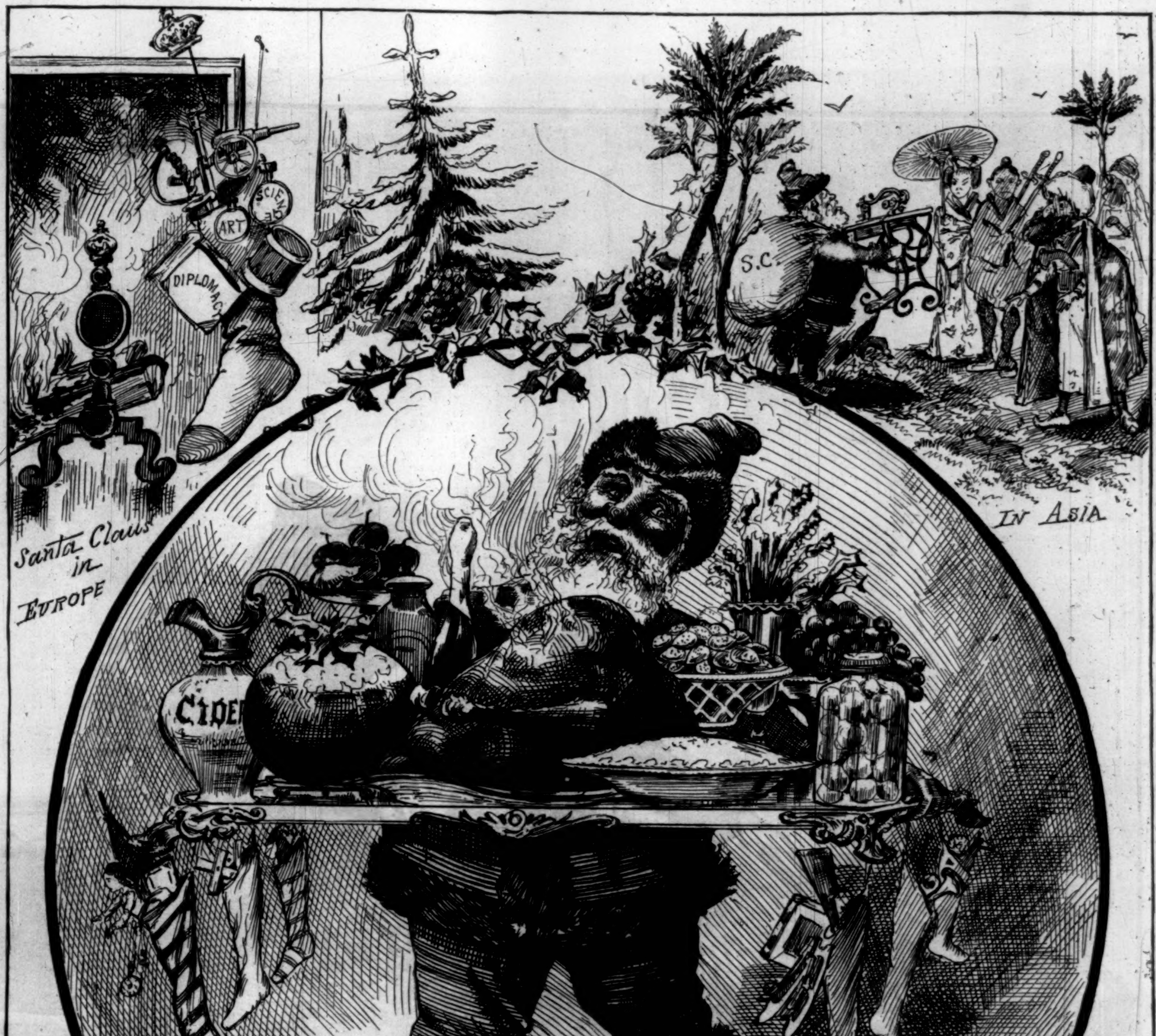

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